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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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FIFTEENTH CENTURY SCARE REVIVED

OF WHAT earthly use is that discovery of Professor Metchikoff of Paris, for prolonging life, when, according to Father Charroppin of the St. Louis University, the world is in imminent danger of being destroyed this winter in a collision with Halley's comet. This, according to the priest-astronomer, is what the Savior had in mind when he predicted the destruction of the world by fire. Without questioning the French scientist's skill or scoffing at the St. Louis savant's warning note, a little light shed on the wandering comet may not be amiss at this time. Not since 1835 has the rapidly approaching celestial body, fraught with such alleged menacing power to this sphere, been observed by astronomers. When last seen, seventy-four years ago, the flying luminous mass was whirling through space, bound for—no one knows where—and astronomers then declared it would not reappear for seventy-five years, which would give the date of its return as 1910. But before it comes within the range of telescopic vision, by means of highly sensitized plates, the scientists who study things celestial, expect to photograph the comet well in advance of its recognition by the aid of the telescope. They know exactly where to look for it, as its course is practically determined. Why Father Charroppin should dread its approach at this time, when it has done no damage on its previous dash through space, is partially explainable.

In the year 1456 the appearance of a fiery body whirling through the heavens, which the people of that age took to be an evil omen, so thoroughly frightened everybody that terror spread throughout Christendom. It is said that Pope Calixtus III, heeding the supplication of his subjects, commanded prayers to be offered up for protection from the Turks and the comet. That act was called the Pope's famous "bull against the comet," but the story has been branded as legendary since. Doubtless, the St. Louis priest is familiar with the story of the fright that seized the people more than four centuries and a half ago, and his warning may be a belated echo of that ancient horror.

Edmund Halley was one of the greatest astronomers of England. He first proved that many of the appearances of comets were but the periodic

return of the same bodies, and he demonstrated that the comet of 1682 was the same one that so terrified the world in 1456, reappearing in 1531 and 1607, or at intervals of about seventy-five years. The comet to which his name was given performed another revolution in 1759 and again in 1835, its last appearance. Halley predicted its return with faithful exactitude. It should be visible in a few months. Now is the time to take out accident policies, before the premiums are advanced.

PORTOLA ENTITLED TO NO HONORS

THAT careful student of the days of the Padres in California, Rev. Father Zephyrin Englehardt, O.F.M., whose informing "Missions and Missionaries of California" proves his right to be regarded as authority, rather takes the wind out of the Portola celebration sails by stating, emphatically, that not Gaspar de Portola, but Sergeant Jose Francisco de Ortega was the discoverer of the bay of San Francisco, November 1, 1769, the military commander or governor of Lower and Upper California not viewing the bay until three days later, when Portola was conducted by several soldiers to the hill commanding a sight of the Golden Gate.

In the San Francisco Monitor of last Saturday Father Engelhardt masses his arguments and proves his contention by indubitable evidence, the diary of Father Crespi, who was a member of the land expedition headed by Portola, yielding the facts upon which Father Englehardt takes his stand. After describing the confusion in the mind caused by Drake's bay or old bay, which was long known as Port San Francisco, and quoting from Fr. Crespi's records of the expedition, it is said:

Some of the men still pretended to believe that neither Monterey Bay had been passed nor the old Port San Francisco (Drake's Bay) had been rediscovered. To remove every doubt, Commander Gaspar de Portola directed Sergeant Ortega to cross over to the bay in sight below Point Reyes, and to report in three days. On the next day, All Saints' Day, after the two Franciscan Fathers, Crespi and Gomez, had celebrated holy mass, at which all attended, Sergeant Jose Francisco de Ortega, with a squad of soldiers, set out on his errand. Turning to the north and crossing the hills, he must have soon come in sight of the grand bay, which they persisted in calling an arm of the sea. They probably had the first view from what is now Buena Vista Park. Sergeant Ortega and his few soldiers, then, were the first white men whose eyes rested on the sheet of water far famed as San Francisco Bay. Sergeant Ortega and his attendants, therefore, should be regarded as the discoverers of the bay, and November 1, 1769, was the date of the momentous event.

This seems effectually to dispose of the Portola claims. While Ortega was out exploring, historical evidence shows that Portola remained in camp. He viewed the bay only after the sergeant and several soldiers, who were out hunting deer, had feasted their eyes on the spot. The honor clearly does not belong to the military commander, who, as history reveals, at San Diego, three months later, nearly caused the abandonment of California. "Only the providential glimpse of a ship passing the harbor of San Diego, fifteen hours before the time set by Portola for his retreat, caused him to delay and finally submit to the distasteful execution of his orders," says Father Englehardt. "He led the expedition a third time to Monterey, and not till then, at the end of May, 1770, was the harbor recognized. He turned the command over to Lieutenant Pedro Fages, as directed, and sailed away for Mexico, July 9. That is the last we read of him, except that Bancroft says that Portola was governor of Puebla nine years later."

It is interesting to note that Fr. Crespi, who had remained north with the zealous and fearless Fr. Junipero Serra, continued his labors at Mission San Carlos, and died there January 1, 1782. Ortega, the real discoverer of San Fran-

cisco Bay, was appointed commander of the Santa Barbara presidio, and left numerous descendants, many of whom survive to this day. Fr. Francisco Gomez and Miguel Constanzo returned to Mexico. So much for the Portola myth.

GOVERNOR GILLETT'S FAUX PAS

WOMEN everywhere, and particularly those of California, must feel under deep obligation to Governor Gillett for telling them where they belong. His semi-official monition seems to have been induced by a charge preferred by Mrs. Lillian Harris Coffin of San Francisco, who, at the suffrage convention at Stockton last Saturday, accused the governor of breaking faith with the suffragists. Mrs. Coffin, who is at the head of the state central committee, insists that the governor pledged himself to the cause at Santa Cruz, at the time he was nominated. He now retorts that if he did he was merely "joshing," but he refutes the impeachment, and in an interview adds:

I might have told Mrs. Coffin that the place for women was at home, and that we men are pretty capable to run the government, but as to pledging myself to her cause—it is absurd. I voted against woman's suffrage when I was in the senate and would do so again. Everybody knows how bitter I am against it. I think women should be at home helping to raise citizens to run the country and not trying to mix in political affairs themselves. This thing of women making stump speeches and canvassing for votes is ridiculous. They should be attending to their household affairs at home, and I think that would be a good place for Mrs. Coffin herself.

Now, will Mrs. Coffin and her fellow suffragists be good! Their place is at home helping to meet the expenses of the government by paying their proportion of city, county, state and national taxes, but that is the extent of their political activity. They may line up at the assessor's window, but not in the ballot booth. Their various kind of male relatives, good, bad and indifferent, are more capable than they of electing the men who shall conduct the public business, and all they are fit for is to rear soldiers for war, in the say of which they shall have no part, or passively see them enter the forum to make their laws in the shaping of which they may not engage.

It is not an elevating speech. Nor does the governor mend matters by arguing that it is absurd that he should have made the promise charged, when "they cannot give me any votes and their influence amounts to nothing." As if that were the summa summarum of requirement to exact a political pledge. We are sorry to see so narrow a spirit exhibited by the chief executive of so glorious a state as California. Such a stand and such sentiments ill become a public official in this progressive age. Granted, that the women, owing to certain immutable physiological laws, are designed to endure all the burden and suffering of bearing children, are they to be deprived of the right to help make the laws of the country or denied the right of selecting those who sit in government over them? What a paltry, vainglorious attitude for man to assume! Who is he that shall arrogate to himself all the virtues of office and tell the women, who are to-day the much better read, much better educated of the two sexes, that they are incapable and are making themselves ridiculous by assuming to take any part in politics. How we apples do swim!

But the governor is not alone in feeling "bitter" because the women are demanding the franchise. There are thousands of his kind, growing smaller in number with each succeeding year, however, as the fossils die off and the cause commends itself to all lovers of equal justice to the sexes. When the eloquent Canon Henry Scott, at the Alliance congress in England last spring, announced a sermon on "Woman Suffrage and Home Life," it marked a new departure for St.

Paul's Cathedral and the first pronouncement for woman suffrage made by the Church of England. Prior to delivering his sermon, the prebendary was deluged with letters of protest, one prominent Englishman of kin to Governor Gillett, apparently, exclaiming, "Are you aware that because of this woman suffrage movement mothers are no longer able to nurse their children?" Bitterness in that? Yes, but no more so than is recessed in the bosom of California's executive, by his own admission.

Does not the governor know that in every country the young college women are reported as entering with avidity upon the suffrage work, bringing the inspiration of their freshness and enthusiasm, and learning from the older women dignity, self-control and methods of speaking, managing a convention and carrying forward the suffrage movement. We are referring here to the suffragists, not to the suffragettes, which latter are to the movement what the nihilists are to socialism.

There are four states in the Union in which women have the full suffrage: Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Wyoming. In twenty-eight states and one territory, Arizona, they may vote on school questions. These are Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Kansas, Michigan, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington and Wisconsin. Of course, the four states where full suffrage is granted are included in the list. In Louisiana, women taxpayers may vote on taxation questions only, and, from all reports, that kind of suffrage has proved of great advantage to the state.

While there is a difference of opinion as to the practical good wrought in those states allowing the full suffrage, in one respect there seems to be a unanimity of opinion and that is in the improvement of the schools. Reports also indicate that in such offices as treasurer and register the public service has gained, the bureaus being well managed and conducted solely in the interests of the people. We are of the opinion that California can well afford to follow the example of Louisiana as a starter, and if the practice proves a success, of which we have not the slightest doubt, the full suffrage should follow. Governor Gillett has read himself out of the gubernatorial race by his narrow pronouncement. He belongs back in King Henry VIII's time.

ETHICAL VALUE OF SCHOOL CONCERTS

IN THE MAIN, Mr. Charles Farwell Edson's plea for musical advantages for the public school children, through a series of concerts, to be furnished by local talent, is highly commendable, and we hope the Board of education will decide to adopt the plan. In brief, Mr. Edson urges that six annual concerts be given under the direction of a manager appointed by the board. That local rather than traveling musicians should be engaged in this educational work seems to us to admit of no argument, since Los Angeles is superbly equipped in this respect. It might be well, however, to close the series each season with outside talent of a Damrosch order, thus supplementing the good work that has preceded. This final concert each year would be a fitting climax.

Mr. Edson is right when he says the children, that is, the masses, are dependent for musical education on cheap vaudeville and low comedy theaters in great part, with a degrading result which reacts in time, inevitably, on the standard of the city. By providing high-class musical and artistic entertainments for school children in all the schools, the vitiating influences noted may be overcome and a basis of understanding established that shall cause the children to exclude the bad and cleave to the good. This, surely, is the province of the schools, and an extension of the curriculum greatly to be desired.

These concerts, in the opinion of The Graphic, should be free to the children, and paid for out of the school funds. But, in case the sale of tickets at a minimum cost is decided upon, the concerts should still be under the management of a specially deputized, salaried person, working

in conjunction with the supervisor of music in the schools; the concerts to be given subject to rules established by the board. Mr. Edson makes a good point when he says the concerts would lose their educational value if removed from the jurisdiction of the school supervisor of music. As he shows, there would be a scramble for indorsement of all kinds of musicians and entertainments if the competitive plan were followed. Education never has been a matter of competition, Mr. Edson argues, and he is right in contending for precedent, in the matter of music. It is certain that we shall never be a music-loving nation until we start right—that is, early, with the children. There is nothing so uplifting as good music, and to educate the tastes of the young to demand only the best is a grand work.

Last year, Mr. Edson and a few associated musicians of this city gave a limited number of concerts for the school children, for which a small fee was exacted. The plan was absolutely new, but they were well attended, in spite of the rule permitting only a bare announcement by the teachers, in the school room, of each concert. No tickets of any nature are allowed to be sold in the schools. There was much educational value in the programs given, and it is hoped the same plan will be pursued this season, unless, indeed, the board decides to add to the educational scope of the schools as suggested. At least, the director of the concerts should be engaged by the board of education at a fixed salary and the programs approved by the supervisor of music in the schools, the concert director or manager being attached to that department and subject to the rules of the board. It is an alluring prospect, and one that we hope to see blossom into a splendid reality.

SHIP SUBSIDIES DOUBLE THE BURDEN

ENTIRELY in keeping with his protective tariff ideas is the President's announced intention of favoring the passage of a ship subsidy bill at the coming session of congress. In his speech at Seattle last week, Mr. Taft talked of the inadequacy of the American merchant marine, and to remedy this condition on the high seas he would cheerfully impose additional burden on the people, to the end that private shipowners may make illegitimate profit. We say illegitimate, because the legitimate way for them to get on the right side of the ledger in their business is not to be reached through subsidies. That is only a poor subterfuge, a species of pap fed to the shipping interests to keep them quiet and let them in on the protective rake-off. It does not go to the root of the trouble.

What is needed in a sweeping change in our navigation laws, a removal of the tariff wall, which, with the refusal of American registry to foreign-built ships, has altogether destroyed the American ocean carrying trade, once a great and valuable industry. As we have repeatedly stated in these columns, subsidies alone can never restore this lost trade, for where there is not profitable exchange of products across seas, there can be no profitable ocean carrying trade. As the New York Post recently said:

We may as well make up our minds soon as late that we shall never get back unless we strip ourselves for the struggle, and prepare ourselves to meet the great free competition on the free oceans. No tariff bulwark will avail us there. No drug-ging of ourselves with subsidies will ever enable us to enter the race with our sinewy rivals. If we really want to build and sail and keep ships, what we have to do is to sweep away every statute which prevents the American shipbuilder and shipowner from getting the best at the lowest cost, to take a long look ahead, being willing, as most business men are, to incur heavy initial outlay and temporary losses in the hope of ultimate gain, and to abandon once and for all the notion that any kind of government pap or bolstering can take the place of energy and daring in a competition where the best man is bound to win.

As the San Francisco Star pointed out, several weeks ago, the big ships of the Pacific Mail Company, that were built in the United States at a cost of \$4,600,000, as against \$2,900,000 had they been built in England, owe this huge increase to our absurd tariff taxes that protect shipbuilding materials. The merchant marine is handicapped for the benefit of the makers of the shipbuilding materials, whose industry, mark you, does not need this "protection" in order to live. And

now, having taxed the people once to give the unholy profits to the steel manufacturer whose products so largely enter into the building of a ship, the President would tax us again in the form of ship subsidies, so that the hampered marine may wiggle through. And the people who are not in the steel business or shipping trade are to bear the double burden. Great is President Taft—in avoirdupois—and great fools are those who pay the subsidy freight, for submitting to such conditions when the remedy lies with them.

LOS ANGELES AND IMPERIAL VALLEY

EDITOR HOWE of the Imperial Standard seems to think we admitted more than we intended when, in reply to his criticism that Los Angeles had taken no hand in the development of "any part of Southern California in the last quarter of a century," we retorted by pointing to the splendid development of the southern metropolis, which work had kept her citizens busy enough. Is there any admission in this that we did not intend? We fail to see it. If the Los Angelans had scattered their energies, what has come to pass never could have been accomplished, and the big market which is now offered to the horticulturists, agriculturists and stock breeders of the southern counties adjoining would be missing. We may not have helped Imperial county directly, but, indirectly, we have done much for our indomitable young neighbor, by buying freely of her products at good prices.

We dislike to find the Standard accusing Los Angeles of exhibiting "almost a malignant" spirit toward the valley; that, surely, is an unfair charge. There may have been an occasional foolish article in the columns of the local press that hurt the feelings of the Imperialists, but, even so, it was not the result of malice or uttered with a deliberate desire to work harm to the valley; like as not, it was due to ignorance of conditions down there. On the other hand, a number of editorials have been printed of an appreciative and even laudatory nature, which, at least, pulsated with good will and friendly interest. Our Chamber of Commerce has headed several business excursions into the valley, and the educational value resulting could not have been inconsiderable.

Just now an effort is being made at Washington to compel the settlers of Imperial to sever their affiliations with the present development company and join fortunes with the Yuma reclamation district. To this end silly stories are emanating from the reclamation office at the national capital, reflecting on the valley and having just enough truth in them to be annoying. Apparently, it is part of the plan to drive Imperial into the Yuma camp. But it will not succeed. In the Yuma district the reclamation work, instead of costing the ranchers ten dollars an acre, as promised, has cost six times in excess of that figure, due to the largely increased expense of building the dam over the original estimate. To reduce the percentage, more acreage must be included, hence the frantic efforts of the reclamation agents to coerce Imperial valley Yumawards.

We agree with the Standard that the reclamation service is lending itself to despicable methods in its desperate efforts to save the reputation of the engineers responsible for the Yuma system. Secretary Ballinger should be seen next week, when he visits this part of the southwest on his way to Yuma, and made acquainted with the real situation. The government is in a pretty small business when it allows its officials to persecute the home builders of the Imperial Valley in the way they have been doing for several years. It is time to call an emphatic halt.

GRAPHITES

That old reprobate member of the legislature, Grove L. Johnson, of Sacramento, whose fulminations against the Japs and the anti-racing bill were an amusing feature of last winter's session has been writing a letter to one of his home papers, quoting Speaker Stanton's address to his fellow members on the occasion of the presentation to him of a case of silverware, in which he spoke of his farewell appearance in public life, feeling that he was justly entitled to retire after

having done his full duty to the people of the state. Following which, Mr. Johnson sarcastically asks: "Is this the same P. A. Stanton who recently nominated himself in a self-laudatory letter for governor? If so, why the change?" This sneer at Stanton is an effort of Johnson to repay the speaker for his defeat of the race-track gamblers, whose cause Johnson espoused, presumably at a price. For the first time in his legislative career, Johnson was compelled to take a back seat last winter, and Stanton was the cause. Now he itches for revenge.

We would call the attention of the San Bernardino Sun which, in its issue of Thursday, October 7, "jumped" the Los Angeles papers for "hugging the delusion" that Los Angeles was richer than Cook county, that not all of us were so fooled. The Graphic, in an editorial last week headed "Tax Gouge as a Publicity Agent," said:

Thus, to say that our assessed value is greater than that of Cook county, which includes the city of Chicago, is hardly wise. True, our figures are higher, but it must be remembered that the assessed valuation of property, for tax purposes, in Chicago, which is made by the board of assessors, reviewed by the board of review, and, finally, equalized by the state board of equalization, is only twenty per cent of the assessed actual valuation. Hence, the four hundred and eighty millions of assessed valuation of Chicago for 1908—not five hundred and eighty millions, as erroneously given by the Times—should be multiplied by five to arrive at the true valuation. This would yield a total of two billions, four hundred millions. Even allowing that our assessed valuation is only fifty per cent of the actual value, as the state board avers, it would still place us far in the rear of Chicago's total wealth.

Editor Harbison of the Sun is a wide-awake publisher, but when he wants facts he should consult The Graphic.

We have read with interest the extract from the Columbian Fair ode, by Harold Vincent Hayes, formerly of Chicago, now of Los Angeles, which appeared in the Times last Tuesday. Presumably, this is one of the rejected poems that entered into the contest for the big cash prize offered by the World's Fair management in 1893, which was awarded to Miss Harriet Monroe, who visited here last winter. Candor compels the statement that Mr. Hayes has not evolved a great epic. The meter is jerky, the treatment unheroic, the construction crude and the rhyming at times faulty. When the sailors scowl at Columbus and "hiss forth the threat"—

"Return thou must!" He answers: "No, not yet. In few short days we'll hail the promised land, Depart to duty—this is my command."

This is following history as handed down to us, but is rather tame poetry. Mr. Hayes takes such metrical liberties as attempting to rhyme "borne" with "storm," "dawn" with "long," "enthroned" with "rained," "own" with "home," and similar slovenly bits of mechanism. After waiting seventeen years to publish his ode—this is its first public appearance, we are told—he might have delayed a few hours longer to remedy these little jarring defects noted.

Horrible dictu! San Francisco is now going after San Diego for having dared to file her claim to a world's fair in 1915, to celebrate the opening of the Panama canal. The bay city to the south would succeed well enough with a county fair, says the top-lofty northern metropolis, in effect, but it is ridiculous to expect her to handle a big thing like a world's exposition and emerge with honors—only San Francisco could do that. Think of John D. Spreckels, owner of the San Francisco Call, getting red in the face calling John D. Spreckels of the San Diego Union names for daring to flout the northern harbor city in this way! We shudder to think of the feud that may ensue if San Diego persists in her presumptuous course. Cannot a compromise be effected, with Los Angeles, say, as the agreed-upon site?

Within a week Harvard University has gained a new president and Ann Arbor, Michigan University, has lost its beloved "prexy," Dr. James B. Angell, who retires after nearly forty years of service, with two interruptions only, when the doctor was absent on diplomatic missions. There are many of his "old boys" in Southern California who never will cease to hold Dr. Angell in the highest regard, amounting to positive affection. One of the pleasantest evenings in the history of the University Club of this city was when President Angell was the honored guest, and his delightful reminiscent talk is a treasured recollection yet, although two or three years have elapsed. For his great service to the cause of untrammelled education, the middle west owes him much.

HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION WEEK

NEW YORK is busily making holiday this week. Her streets are in gala dress, ablaze with color and light; and everywhere there are people, people everywhere. Where the crowds come from, where they are housed, how they are fed, is one of the marvelous sides of this many-sided celebration. One million people, it is estimated, viewed the naval parade; two million, the historical pageant. They have been transported to and from the scenes of action with only the facilities that seem inadequate enough in normal times, not without trouble and jostling, heart burnings, bodily aches and danger, yet with surprisingly few accidents. New York has brought all her resources to bear upon the success of the occasion, and it has done the thing superbly. That so many departments, normally more or less dissociated, should have entered so whole-heartedly into the spirit of the affair is suggestive of the unifying influence of an historical past. This celebration should demonstrate to America, if it does nothing else, the picturesqueness of the history that we have back of us. We have been so long accustomed to be humble, in face of the serene and sublime superiority of Old World associations, that we have scarcely recognized that we were being brought gradually to the place where we would see our past far enough in perspective to realize the part it has played, not simply as the humble beginning of a mighty nation, but in its relation to the development of the Old World itself.

* * *

Saturday afternoon, September 25, the first tribute of the week was paid to the influence upon the world's history of the faith of two men in their own accomplishment, and their power to make other men have faith with them. Three hundred years ago, Henry Hudson, an Englishman, in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, undertook to find a route to China, and found, instead, New York harbor. He was not the first to reach the Hudson Bay nor the first to reach the Hudson river, but through his coming the Dutch established trading posts in New York and laid the foundation of the great city. One hundred years ago Robert Fulton brought a steamboat up the Hudson. He did not invent the steamboat, as is popularly supposed, he merely made use of well-known mechanical devices and adapted them so practically that he established steam-driven vessels as a paying proposition and insured their continued operation. Upon the work of these two men rests largely the commerce of the world and the efficient service that makes it possible. And so the two craft that served them were present in replica to receive the homage of the most wonderful vessels of modern times and of the great nations of the world. The Half Moon, Hudson's little sailing boat, manned by the officers of the Dutch cruiser, Utrecht, dressed like the sailors of three hundred years ago, in red trousers, serviceable shirts and square fur caps, and commanded by Lieutenant Lam, personating Hudson, in velvet, ruff, white stockings, and whiskers cut after the supposed Hudson fashion, headed the procession which wended its way up the Hudson from a point between Staten and Long islands to 110th street, where the presentation ceremonies of the boats to the commission took place. The Clermont, Fulton's boat, followed with a crew looking even stranger than the Dutchmen in their big glazed hats, ruffs and pantaloons.

* * *

Aboard were many invited guests, most of whom were descendants of Fulton, wearing the costume of a hundred years ago. Behind, followed forty miles of escort, headed by our boat the Meigs, army vessels, scout ships, torpedoes, submarines, and all sorts of other craft down to the yachts that had not left the starting point when the Meigs reached it, after completing the double distance of sixteen miles. As the strange little craft reached Forty-second street, the salutes began. The Mayflower came first with her twenty-one guns, to which the Half Moon replied with two shots, first from starboard and then from port. Next in order were the Mexican, Argentine, Italian, French, Dutch, German, British, Atlantic representatives. At first they were far enough apart to pause between salutes, but by the time the Italians were reached they were so close together that the shots rang out simultaneously. A pandemonium of noise reigned. Sirens, shouts of people, bands—all of them playing "Star Spangled Banner." Every available spot on the water was filled with boats of all shapes and sizes, crowded to more than capacity, and every spot upon both the New York and Jersey shores was jammed with people rejoicing

in the good weather and in the interesting happenings. An incident of the morning provided a dramatic thrill. The Half Moon was being swung into position by the tug Fred B. Dalzell, when Commander Lam gave the order to the tug to let go. The curious old sails caught the wind and bellied out with a grace and beauty that our modern vessels, with all their efficiency, seem somehow to have lost. The watching crowds cheered to see that they really worked, but the wind played a scurvy trick and took her bang into the side of the Clermont. The latter's cumbersome engine could not be got to work in time to stave off the collision, and for a moment it seemed that nothing would be left of either boat, and that the ceremonies of the day would fall through perforce. The Dalzell did her best, and until she gained control, the Half Moon continued to play pranks among the other ships, but no serious damage resulted, except the loss of a rail, a few planks, a bowsprit and a nameplate.

* * *

The tired crowd which had been waiting since daybreak found it could not take rest even at five o'clock, when the ceremonies were over for the afternoon, if it wanted to see the splendors arranged for the evening. The city was lighted as it has never been illuminated before. Another naval parade had been provided, but the artificial fireworks projected by huge scintillators quite threw the boats into the shade as they made their way up the river. From the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil, on both sides of the river, the shores were illuminated, the floating pageant of ships which stretched from Forty-second to Two Hundred and Twenty-second street, flashed out their outlines in incandescent lights at the same moment. Every important building in the city was lit up at every window, and, in addition, many of them had a special scheme of decoration, in which the Half Moon and the colors of the celebration were conspicuous. This served admirably to make the ordinary observer see the majesty of the peculiar architectural character of New York, our "City of Dreadful Height," for the tall buildings stood out like giant cliffs against the sky, and the exquisite shafts of the Singer building and the Metropolitan Life tower seemed like fairy palaces in their ethereal beauty. The Flatiron, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Times building, the Plaza Hotel, Court of Honor in Forty-second street and the Washington arch were exquisite enough to linger long in the memory, but New York was off on an orgy of magnificence, and the ordinary beauties of the city that might be with us at any time were used simply as a background for other wonderful things especially provided.

* * *

At One Hundred and Tenth street was a display of bombs and rockets of extraordinary beauty, but at One Hundred and Fifty-third street were concentrated wonders of light and color that were enough to intoxicate an ordinary man with an ordinary color sense. What it did to the hypersensitive nervous individual that is beginning to represent New York, heaven only knows. Fifty men with twenty scintillators were established, and they produced light effects paralleled only by nature when she goes off on an orgy, as she does occasionally in the desert sunsets and in the Aurora Borealis. Beams of white light appeared, which shifted to every color of the rainbow, then turned round and round like the spokes of a wheel and in and out through the mazes of a gay quadrille. Huge steam plumes were sent into the air, which changed into rainbows, the plumes became writhing serpents, then melted into a gentle cloud that wavered through the colors of a mad and glorious sunset. A gigantic bomb exploded and let fall a shower of shining autumn leaves that passed from color to color until they drifted out of the illuminating rays to the ground.

* * *

The celebration will continue until October 9. Sunday, September 26, special services were held in the churches; Monday, special exhibitions at all of the important museums were opened and a reception tendered the commission at the Metropolitan Opera House; Tuesday, an historical pageant made its way down Fifth avenue, and music festivals were held at the Metropolitan Opera House and Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, aquatic sports near Riverside Park and special exercises by educational institutions; Thursday, military parade; Friday, naval parade to Newburg; Saturday, children's parade in the morning, and in the evening, carnival parade by the German, Swiss and Austrian societies. Monday to Saturday, October 9, celebration by towns along the Hudson, and in the evening lighting of beacon fires from Staten Island to the head of navigation.

New York, October 2.

ANNE PAGE.

'ROUND THE WORLD WITH ROB ROSS

Clever Los Angeleno Author Tells in Picturesque Language of Fascinating Yokohama

[Robert E. Ross, son of the distinguished Judge Erskine M. Ross of the United States circuit court, a graceful writer and author of many charming stories and poems, is touring the world with a view to gaining impressions for a book of travel sketches. His refreshingly original observations will appear exclusively in The Graphic by special arrangement with this talented Los Angeleno.—Editor.]

I.

THIS IS SUNDAY, though the only indication of that fact is the calendar, for the noise and clatter of the streets has not ceased, and the people pursue their varied avocations as on other days. There is, in fact, no hour, day or night, when the noises incident to city life cease here. The Japanese have clocks and watches, assuredly, but they in nowise live by them. Being hungry, they eat, and they sleep—anywhere and at any time.

I am writing these lines sitting by an open window which overlooks the Bund, and commands a panorama of Tokyo bay, equally as picturesque and with a far more beautiful setting than the bay of San Francisco. I am clad in the lower half of a suit of pajamas and a pair of sandals—my room door is open (except for the discreet interposition of a screen)—and, despite the frequent use of a generous bath towel, I am quite wet. From all of which you may gather that it is muggy—very.

One's first impressions of Japan are likely to be received in such rapid succession that it is extremely difficult at once to marshal them on paper—and if one waits too long to chronicle them, they resolve themselves into a haze, for they are as evanescent as good resolutions. I have been here three weeks today, and already many things that at first struck me as weirdly strange, in even so short a time custom has made commonplace.

The softest light pervades everything here—even the noons are mellow, and there is an absence of that brazen glare which makes the skies of our Southern California at times so trying. September is one of the rainy months here, and the mornings often are overcast and the skies weeping—but, usually, the clouds break into fantastic masses of cumuli by midday and by three o'clock in the afternoon I think no more charming seascape could be had than that from the lounge of the Grand Hotel.

* * *

Tokyo bay—at least that portion of it which forms the harbor of Yokohama, protected by its breakwater—is a very busy port of call, and there are always twenty or more great steamers lying in the stream, and a warship or two.

Yachting is a favorite sport here, and weekly races are held. The "larks," as the smaller craft are called, are in the main rigged with flaming red sails, in pleasing contrast to the snowy canvas of the larger yachts. Numerous sampans, junks, native fishing craft and snorting tugs and launches make the harbor a lively one, and to a lover of the sea, a kaleidoscope of which one does not easily tire.

At this hour the bay is flooded with a mellow, golden light, impossible to describe, and which reminds me of the evening haze on the Arizona desert. This fades gradually into a velvety twilight; from the outer anchorage the clear notes of the bugles on the warships sounding "colors" float shoreward; one by one the riding lights of the ships at anchor twinkle forth; and then along the Bund come troupes of jugglers and dancing girls, who nightly gather a crop of small coins from the tourists; riksha lanterns flit past; another day is gone and it is time for "chow."

* * *

From the moment one steps ashore at the customs pier—particularly if one is inclined to be finicky about such matters—a series of shocks await, that time may wither, but custom cannot stale: I refer to the nakedness of the people. Don't misunderstand me; of course, the Japanese are clothed—more or less. But the poorer classes discard their scant attire on the least provocation, and without the slightest warning. Because the day is too warm; because they desire to swim, or wade, or fish from the Bund—presto! their kimonos have vanished, and they are instantly transformed into studies in the nude. The men, it is true, compromise with nature by wearing an entirely inadequate loin cloth, but the children and youths stand forth precisely as their mothers gave them to the world—only more so.

The houses of the middle-class Japanese in Yokohama are, for the greater part, one-storied, tile-roofed affairs of moderate size, the interiors

covered with soft matting and devoid of furniture of any sort. By means of screens and sliding panels separate chambers may be had as necessity or convenience requires. In warm weather, the walls of the houses are open to the four winds of heaven. The occupants attend to the most intimate necessities of life in a manner so frankly open to the casual inspection of their neighbors and the passerby, as to seem to the Occidental mind startling, to say the least.

* * *

There are in Yokohama many tea houses. Now there are tea houses and tea houses, and they cannot be described by a definition analogous to the Kentucky colonel's one of whiskey. In most of them more commodities are served than tea and Kirin beer. But there is one tea house, celebrated in song and story, to which all newly-landed tourists make instant pilgrimage. It is the tea house of the One Hundred and One Steps, presided over by that same O Yucha San of whom the eastern college boys were wont (in a topical song once current) to declare themselves enamoured.

O Yucha San is—may I be pardoned the ungallantry—no longer young; I don't think she ever could have been pretty, even in the heyday of her youth, which, with Japanese maidens (and some of our own), is not above eighteen. But O Yucha San is sweet and winsome and charming, and all that a dear little hostess should be. And she serves delicious tea and crisp little rice cakes and Kirin beer, and even a very ordinary Mumm's, and she calls in some really pretty and charming gheishas, who will sing and dance and play the Samisen and look unutterable things into one's eyes—all for a very reasonable number of yen.

O Yucha San has many books filled with the cards of visitors to her place—and some of them are names that have echoed down the corridors of time. Mine is there, too, and one day—well, to continue:

The environs of Yokohama are naturally picturesque and restfully beautiful. Garden follows upon garden, with acres of rice paddies cradled in the lap of verdant, pine-clad hills, and with lotus ponds dotted here and there.

* * *

One of the most charming drives or 'ricksha rides is that along the shore of Tokyo bay to the terrace of the Makado Hotel, which is situated on the edge of a bluff overlooking Mississippi bay and the American anchorage. Commodore Perry's squadron anchored off the farther shore on its memorable visit to Japan, and close by a monument is erected to the commodore. Mississippi bay reminds one of Golden Gate, except that more blue water rolls between the shores of the former.

Makado is the loveliest spot I have thus far seen in the vicinity of Tokyo or Yokohama. There is back of the hotel a park of about twenty acres, with bridle paths winding in and out among the pines to the summit of the hills, from which a magnificent view is had of Mississippi bay and the hills of the further shore. Perhaps I praise Makado too highly—perhaps I possessed too roseate a vision because of Her with whom I first visited the place.

For there was a Her, one of our own people from a snug little corner of the great U. S. A., and because She is an American, and because it isn't her name, I will call her O Golden San; for She was the Golden Girl, temperament and hair. Not one of those washed-out blondes, ye ken, but rather a coppery tint that the sun made glorious. I am not going to lose myself in a panegyric in her praise, or a sonnet to her eyebrow, though I might easily do both, for She was the One.

Unfortunately, She is engaged to somebody in the states, and is now homeward bound, but if She had not been, and if I had as much money as such a dear deserves, and if She would have said "yes," I might have gone home a benedict and a happy one.

* * *

To return to Makado. The proprietor of the hotel is a middle-aged German, named Hahn, whose fierce mustaches and Jove-like brow belie his genial nature and the warmth and courtesy of the welcome he gives his guests. When alone, one goes to Makado in a 'ricksha, but when one is not alone, ah, then a victoria is better. O Golden San and I paid our first visit to Makado in a victoria, and we found the drive too short. [It is to be feared that "somebody" in the states was temporarily out of the running.—Editor.]

It was a glorious night, with a full moon, as yellow as an orange, sailing in a sky that was discreetly flecked with clouds at just the proper intervals. The fresh monsoon was blowing in from the sea, and every pine was sighing a love song. Our host combined discretion with courtesy, and appeared only in answer to a clapping of hands, smilingly to open a bottle of cham-

pagne, in which he toasted us right prettily. Later, we found the summit of the hills, though we took the wrong path often, and then a kindly cloud sailed slowly, slowly across the moon, and was a long, long time in passing.

* * *

Japan is undoubtedly a fruitful country—and, contrary to the general belief, its staple crop is not rice, but babies. There are more babies in an average Japanese household than there are oranges on a ten-year-old Washington navel tree in California, just before picking season, in a good year. They must come in bunches, for one sees so many of exactly the same size in the same family. They are good-natured little things, with shaven pates and very bright eyes, and they seldom, if ever, squall. They go about strapped to their mothers' backs, or to the backs of older children, with their helpless little heads rolling recklessly, looking like so many dolls.

* * *

I have not seen many pretty Japanese girls—except the gheishas, some of whom are really beautiful, even when judged by our standards. The prettiest Japanese girls I've seen thus far have been on picture post cards.

The native "chow" is very good—at least some of the dishes are—but to enjoy it, one must possess two things: ability to use chop sticks, and a child-like faith. The former may be easily acquired, but the latter must be inborn, for the "chow," except the rice, is one of the mysteries.

The Yokohama United Club will compare favorably in every way with any that I have visited in the states. Its quarters occupy a large building on the Bund. The club rooms are large, with high ceilings, and the general arrangement and service are excellent. The club possesses a fine library of many thousands of volumes. The membership is composed of resident foreigners, mostly English, and naval officers on service here, though tourists are sometimes put up there, a courtesy which it has been my good fortune to receive.

Of course, life here, as anywhere else in this world of ours, is not all one long sweet song. There are annoyances, petty and otherwise, that one must put up with. Two of the minor ones are mosquitoes and Chinese tailors—the latter eventually let go, but not so the former.

* * *

Just a word in closing concerning tourists: they are a queer lot. As though actuated by the same set of springs, they all seem to do precisely the same things immediately upon their arrival here, and about in this order: first, array themselves in pongee or white linen suits; second, don a solar topee, which some of them wear hind part foremost; third, acquire an infantile knowledge of terms which are a sort of hodge-podge of Hindustanee, Chinese and Japanese, and then to use them on all possible and impossible occasions. A partial list would include "top-side" for "upstairs," "chow" for "food," "chit" for "note" or "wine-card" (and much else), "tiffin" for "luncheon," "boysan" for "waiter," and several others. They are then dyed-in-the-wool Yokohamaites, and could give Buddha himself pointers on the east. The "chit" system of this country is rather amusing, but it is time to dress for dinner, so I will save that for another letter.

With best wishes for yourself and my friends at the club, sayonara. ROBERT E. ROSS.
Yokohama, September 12.

HOW LAW-ABIDERS ARE OVER-LAWED

AT FREQUENT intervals we thank God for the land we live in and swell ourselves mightily concerning our constitutional rights and personal liberty. The latter, however, are perpetually endangered by our local legislative bodies, state, county and municipal. I notice that Bleeding Kansas is gravely considering a crusade against Whiskers, and that some bacteria-crazy solon is framing a bill designed to abbreviate, if not to shear, the hirsute appendages of liberty-loving, but law-laden American citizens. In due time, of course, we may hear from the sage of Emporia. William Allen White never has permitted a hair to cumber his plump and rosy cheeks, and doubtless he will deliver what the New York Sun calls "A Bolt From the Emporean" on the hygienic advantages of being clean shaved, to say nothing of the beauty of displaying a comely cheek.

* * *

But there is a serious side to the subject. In fact, the anti-whisker crusade will not have it otherwise, and insist that all men shall turn both cheeks and chin and upper lip to the ravages of the barber. "Whiskers carry germs," is the yell of the Kansas reformers. "Moreover," they argue, scientifically, "the deacon's flowing beard

provides a very hatchery for bacteria." But let us draw a decent veil over these details. Rather let us pause to wonder what the penalty, fine or imprisonment, may be upon the Kansas farmer who permits a stubble to disgrace his chin or neglects to keep foxtail out of his whiskers. It is, indeed, a grave question and fraught with fearful possibilities. For there be Esaus in that land, and their time, especially at harvest, is likely to be preoccupied.

* * *

Shades of Dundreary! And, even nearer home and in our own day, what would the fame have been of Meredith P. Snyder without his pink appendages? Long after his veto of the blanket street car franchise is forgotten, the memory of his putatively pink whiskers will remain. And there are others. What has Dr. Harry Brook, who, in the eyes of the medical profession, is the arch-heretic on "Care of the Body," to say on the worth or the vileness of whiskers? Periodically, "the heedless Carlyle of the west" allows the capillaries to have their own erratic way to disguise his classic curves. And then there is Dr. Norman Bridge, surely an orthodox and famous authority on hygiene. Will he assent to the Kansas idea and part with those airy-fairy decorations on either pallid cheek? And President J. O. Koepfli of the Municipal League, what has he to say? But we are anticipating trouble. Should the Kansans have their way and condemn all beards, whiskers and mustachios to the razor, we pray with all fervor that the infection may never spread as far west as California.

* * *

But, seriously, once more. Is not this a glorious example of the preposterous, limitless lengths to which legislative interference—paternalism is too mild a term—can go in this free country? "The Land of the Free, the Home of the Brave!" A pretty chant, my masters, but when your whiskers are trifled with, you may wake up. Truly, we are over-lawed. And with the inevitable result that we hold law cheaply, and lawyers dear.

* * *

It was only at the last session of the California legislature that a wisecrack, who probably never boasted a passbook until he went to Sacramento, introduced a bill to make it a misdemeanor to overdraw one's bank account. I am free to say I should be in jail most Saturday nights, if such a bill had ever become law. For my account—like many others—is a case of "put in and pull out," and the latter process is so much easier.

* * *

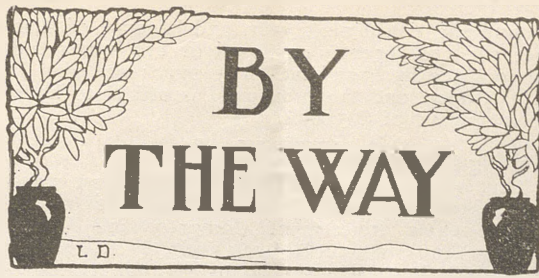
Moreover, there are to be found in the penal code of California, at least a dozen statutes which are worse than dead letters. For instance, Section 258 enacts that all newspaper articles of personal character must be signed by the true name of the writer, and renders the editor of The Graphic, for instance, liable to forfeit the sum of \$1,000 for each and every article, statement, or editorial published in violation of this law. At this modest rate, The Graphic's publisher is liable to about a quarter of a million dollars' fines every week he goes to print. Moreover, most newspaper men have forgotten, if they ever knew, that it is a misdemeanor, rendering the publisher liable to not less than one month nor more than six months' imprisonment, for publishing "the portrait of any living person, a resident of California, other than that of a public officer in this state, without the written consent of such person first had and obtained."

* * *

So it goes. In one state, no freeborn citizen may smoke cigarettes; in some parts of our own California one may not drink an honest glass of beer, but may absorb a whole drug store without violating any law but nature's. The time may come, which Heaven forbid, when our breakfast foods will be prescribed by law and the cut of our trousers be determined by ordinance. Then will every free spirit trail to the top of a high mountain or to a desert isle, where legislators are not, and old women must hold their peace.

* * *

Happily, for the God-gift of free will and individual liberty, you cannot inculcate manners or morals into mankind by legislation. Nor can any man, or set of men or sewing circle of old women, tell me and you what we shall eat or drink or what we shall put on. It is only the hopelessly narrow-minded, the ignorant and the bigots who attempt to re-form mankind and re-fashion the world according to their own petty experience and flimsy standards. They make a loud noise and have proud stomachs and sniffing nostrils. But they succeed in accomplishing no good and much harm in that they reduce the statute book to a Joe Miller treasury, and cause the laws of their country to be held in derision and contempt. San Francisco, October 4. R. H. C.



Hobart Bosworth's Thrilling Experience

I hear that Hobart Bosworth, who is a familiar figure to the theater-going public, recently had a thrilling experience which came perilously near clearing the boards of an accomplished actor, and depriving clever Adele Farrington of the Belasco company of both daughter and husband. Mr. Bosworth's ill health forced his resignation from his position as director of Morosco's dramatic school, and his daughter, Marie Adele, has recovered recently from a severe attack of typhoid fever. In search of good health, the two have been rusticated among the hills near San Diego. After a few weeks on the coast, returning vigor made Bosworth and Miss Marie venturesome. They grew tired of sketching and resting, and decided to enliven the monotony of existence with a cruise. Mr. Bosworth is an experienced sailor, having run away to sea in his boyhood, and served three years on a whaling vessel. He procured a newly-painted, shipshape yawl, and the two went adventuring. After a time, the sea became choppy, and old Neptune finally took a whim to start a gale. The boat was tossed about like an eggshell in boiling water, slapped here and there by the mighty waves. The seafarers were driven into a little cove, where the waters churned them madly about. Bosworth threw out the anchor, but at this critical moment the rope broke, and the sloop was left anchorless.

Narrow Escape From Death

After that they were at the mercy of sea and wind. Marie Adele had cast off her outing skirt, and in her khaki bloomers, boyish blouse and short-clipped hair, looked like a boy, which, perhaps, explains the failure of the watchers on the shore to come to their rescue, thinking they were two men able to care for themselves. In fact, it was noised about that they were two smugglers, receiving the judgment for their attempts to evade the law. A heavy sea washed off the girl, but she caught the side of the boat, and, in spite of the terrific undertow, managed to keep afloat. Before Hobart could go to her assistance, he, too, was washed overboard on the opposite side. With almost superhuman strength, he pulled himself aboard and caught his daughter's hands. He could not budge her—it was as though ten men were dragging her down. She did not whimper, but begged him to let her go and save himself. Her courageous words put new life into him. He doesn't pretend to know how he did it, but with one mighty effort he dragged her to safety. For a long time they were dashed up and down in the trough of the waves, but at last they reached shore. A kindly fisherman offered the hospitality of his tent, where they dried out. Half an hour after they rescued their belongings from the boat, it went to pieces on the rocks, and the battered craft, cast high on the sands, was a fitting reminder of their narrow escape. Neither of the adventurers is the worse for the experience, but Adele Farrington, now that the wanderers are safe at home, weeps at the mention of it and dreams shudderingly of it every night—in the fashion of womankind.

J. A. Graves' Action Appreciated

I am glad to note that popular appreciation of the good work of Vice-President J. A. Graves of the Farmers and Merchants Bank and the Southern Trust Company, for first suggesting and later in so materially aiding in disposing of the school bonds by public subscription, has been demonstrated by the giving of several little dinners to the banker-lawyer by his friends. I know of two such, recently, one at the Del Rey Gun Club, by a lot of business men, and the other at a private residence in this city, last Monday night, later in the evening a number of representative citizens dropping in to shake hands with Mr. Graves and express their gratification at what he has accomplished. This reminds me that in the panicky days of 1907, as president of the Clearing House Association, his ability and honesty were demonstrated in a signal manner. I also recall that it was Mr. Graves who presented the sick poor of Los Angeles with the largest and best equipped free dispensary west of Chi-

cago. As I have before remarked, under a bluff exterior he hides a most kindly heart and houses a philanthropic spirit.

Declined to Fill the Order

Dr. Granville MacGowan has a house telephone number that is continually being rung up by mistake, the most exasperating call confusing his house with that of a butcher shop, which happens to have a similar sounding number. The other evening the doctor answered the phone, after several wrong calls had been disposed of. A woman's voice at the other end asked: "Is this Bifsteak's?" "Yes," snapped out the doctor. "Then send me two pounds of liver and bacon in time for breakfast, please." By this time the doctor was annoyed—nay, mad, and without waiting for the customer's name, he retorted in a rasping voice: "No, madam, I will not send you up two pounds of liver and bacon in time for breakfast, but I will ask you in all kindness to go hang—." Then he hung up the phone with a savage jerk.

Walter Trask and His Pleasure Car

From the esteemed Town Talk of San Francisco I gather the interesting item that "Superior Judge Walter J. Trask of Los Angeles, who has been driving a Studebaker '40' for several months, has placed his order for another of these cars, which he will use for pleasure only." It will be news to most of his friends to learn of Walter's elevation to the bench, especially as his law practice pays him four or five times the emolument allowed to a judgeship, but that he has ordered a second car for "pleasure only" is still more disturbing. The first car, presumably, was used for punishment trips, merely, but this new one—ah!

Barrett Eastman Returns to Chicago

After a year's ranching on his place near Artemisia, Barrett Eastman has felt the call of the blood, and Wednesday returned with his wife to Chicago, whither he goes to fill the office of dramatic critic and editorial writer on the Examiner, under Andy Lawrence. I gave Barrett six months to stay away from newspaper work when he called on me a year ago, and he has done well to stick it out twelve. Barrett is a graceful, polished writer, and an excellent dramatic critic. Andy Lawrence has made no mistake in securing his services, and the handsome salary he has agreed to pay Barrett will be fully earned. His father, Col. F. A. Eastman, statistician for Chicago, at one time editor of the defunct Tribune of this city, is expected here next month on a visit to his wife and daughter. He is a veteran newspaper man and is making a great success of his statistical department in Chicago.

Arthur Letts Due Here Next Week

Arthur Letts and family, with Secretary Luther of the Y. M. C. A. and Mrs. Luther, will be home next week, after a four months' tour of Europe. Writing from Glasgow, September 27, Mr. Letts said he expected to sail for New York September 29, after having a most delightful outing, with no mishaps to record throughout the trip. He will arrive just too late to help greet the President.

Carps at Fees for Lecturing

Commenting on her recent visit to Los Angeles, Elizabeth Towne, editor of the Nautilus, gives us an undeserved rap in regard to the tax license. Under the sub topic, "A Ban on Education," Mrs. Towne says: "Los Angeles is growing so fast now that she has a hard time getting enough money to pay her running expenses. Therefore, she squeezes all the cash she can out of everybody that goes there, without being too particular as to the right or wrong of it. So one of her city officials told me. This is in extenuation of the fact that at the moment of my third lecture at Blanchard hall appeared two officers, who demanded \$7.50 license, or no lecture. It was too late to do anything but pay the fee. This was the first time Los Angeles ever demanded a license fee for a religious or educational lecture. But they proposed to keep on demanding \$7.50 for every lecture delivered under Miss Reesberg's auspices." The whole truth of the incident mentioned by Mrs. Towne would compel her to state that an entrance fee of 50 cents was exacted for the lectures delivered under Miss Reesberg's auspices. Regardless of the educational or religious merits of the lectures, they were given for no charitable purpose, and the profits were garnered for private gain. Had the funds been for any public philanthropy, the city ordinance precludes the requirement of a tax. This isn't a new law just put into effect for Miss Reesberg's or Mrs. Towne's annoyance, and if, as the latter states, Miss Reesberg has been managing lectures

here for upward of eight years and never before has paid a tax fee for the same, she should refrain from complaining, for her gain is the city's loss. It may be the authorities can collect for back dues. I am not sure.

True Son of His Father

James Slauson has become considerable of a hero in the eyes of President Booth and other members of the Chamber of Commerce, who realize that the energetic and beloved Sunsetter bids fair to rival his late father when it comes to doing things. Before the party of eastern members of congress that was here recently had reached San Francisco, en route home from Honolulu, the notion was happily conceived that the visitors should be invited to Los Angeles, that they might be shown San Pedro harbor, which will be wanting liberal government appropriations in the future. To this end Mr. Slauson was appointed a committee of one to meet the congressmen in San Francisco and bring them down here. The vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce took no chances. He chartered a tug, met the visitors before they landed, provided them with the necessary transportation, including Pullman sleeper for each man, and, almost before they had realized it, all were journeying southward. It is insisted that the visit will mean a lot for us down here, and to Vice-president James Slauson is due the credit, according to President Willis Booth and other of Mr. Slauson's admiring confreres.

Hitting Valentine Over Newby's Head

Those who profess to be cognizant of the facts assure me that the story recently printed in the Times, in which it is made to appear that Attorney Nathan Newby had illegally altered official records at the court house, is not founded on facts. Good lawyers, with whom I have talked, insist that Mr. Newby did nothing that calls for explanation or apology. Apropos, L. H. Valentine, a law partner of Mr. Newby, was United States district attorney prior to the accession of Oscar Lawler. Valentine was named by Senator Bard as a reward for casting his vote for him in the California legislature, Bard at the time being the Times' candidate for the place. It will be recalled that when Mr. Valentine was appointed, he succeeded Frank P. Flint. Valentine is still true to Bard, but the Times no longer is the mouthpiece for the anti-machine Republican faction. That paper has been insinuating that Valentine should be held accountable for the alleged offense of his partner, which, of course, is an absurdity.

Gossip Concerning W. F. Herrin

From New York an occasional correspondent writes that but for his persistent declination to leave California, the second in command of all of the Harriman interests, at this time, undoubtedly would be W. F. Herrin. The latter was practically offered a Union and a Southern Pacific vice presidency more than once while Mr. Harriman was alive. But to all invitations that he remove to New York, Mr. Herrin gave a negative reply. It is known to a few that had Mr. Herrin decided to accept, his salary at this time would be \$100,000 a year, with only Judge Lovett, the new Harriman executive, ranking him. "I learn," adds my New York informant, "that at an early day Mr. Herrin will retire from active life with the Southern Pacific, to enjoy his books and his leisure."

Making a Bad Boy Worse

"Jack" La Grange, said to be between thirteen and eighteen years of age, and alleged to have proved himself a bold, bad burglar, escaped one day last week from the police while in court, and at once his description was sent broadcast as that of a dangerous criminal. I am wondering if the means used for apprehending the redoubtable La Grange are calculated to make of him a better citizen. Los Angeles does many good things, but when it comes to the making of a real man of a wayward lad, we appear to have queer notions of the proper procedure. This in spite of our probation law that is not always invoked to do the most good.

Mrs. Childs to Travel

Probably not many Southern Californians were aware that Mrs. George W. Childs, widow of the founder the Philadelphia Public Ledger, has been for several years a resident of Pasadena. Mrs. Childs, like Mrs. James A. Garfield, long ago became convinced that this locality is the garden spot of the world. The two women have been intimates for years, and it would be hard to state with truth which one is more enamored of this section. Mrs. Childs intends making a trip

around the world next year, and because of that fact she has recently disposed of her handsome home place in Pasadena. The purchaser was J. S. Torrance, and the price paid is stated to have been upward of \$75,000.

"Prodigal Son" Welcomed Home

That was a happy occasion, last Monday evening, when forty of the officers and staff of the Los Angeles Investment Company and Globe Savings Bank welcomed back their chief, Charles A. Elder, the active president. It was called a "prodigal son" dinner, because Mr. Elder had just returned from a month's absence in the east in attendance at the bankers' convention and in visiting his old home in Illinois. A clever menu was arranged by W. Francis Gates. Charles Cassatt Davis was a felicitous toastmaster, and several witty talks were made by W. D. Deeble, A. B. Marshall, C. L. Bagley and W. F. Gates, who also sang "Gipsy John." It was hinted that Mr. Elder went east for a bride, but this proved to be rumor only. A toast was pledged to the guest of the evening in these words:

Here's to the bachelor, Elder by name,
His like on the earth long should flourish;
But how to perpetuate more of the same
With no little branches to nourish?
His health! and may there soon come in his life,
What's better than dollars or gelders;
The prize that is found in a true, loving wife
And a houseful of happy young Elders.

It is interesting to note that the Investment Company broke all records in its sale of stock to new members while Mr. Elder was away.

Willis Booth's Missionary Work

Willis Booth may reach Washington ahead of Senator Flint. The president of the Chamber of Commerce is getting ready to leave Los Angeles for the national capital, almost as soon as President Taft shall have shaken the dust of Southern California from his feet. Mr. Booth intends while in the east to impress upon the proper authorities at the national seat of government the importance of Los Angeles as a port of entry. That, really, is to be the object of his visit to the capital at this time. He will be away from home for at least four weeks.

No Lesser Lights to Accompany Taft

Los Angeles is not to entertain Philander Chase Knox or any other member of the Taft cabinet at this time. It had been expected that when the President arrived here next week, he would be accompanied, not only by his secretary of state, but also by Postmaster General Hitchcock and Richard A. Ballinger, secretary of the interior. Elihu Root, Mr. Knox's predecessor as premier, and now United States senator from New York, also at one time had signified his intention of accompanying the Taft party to Southern California. Mr. Root, at last accounts, was at work at home, trying his best to oust Tammany Hall from the municipal government of the nation's metropolis.

Postmaster General Disappoints Us

Postmaster General Hitchcock had advised Motley H. Flint that he would be in Los Angeles without fail, with the President. But this week Mr. Hitchcock wired that Arizona was the limit of his excursion. He had ventured as far as Tucson and was then suddenly called back to the national capital. It is rather too bad he could not have been persuaded to extend his journey to this city, as we are needing a few things in the postoffice at this time, and as Mr. Hitchcock is fond of Los Angeles as well as of our postmaster, it is not an unreasonable conclusion that whenever he can be lured here, the postmaster general will give us what we ask. While Secretary Ballinger of the interior department will not be in the presidential entourage, he will follow ten days later, on his way to the government irrigation works in Arizona. Oscar Lawler is awaiting the advent of his chief, whom he will accompany back to Washington.

McLachlan's Friends Miffed

Admirers of Representative James McLachlan are inclined to be a bit put out because the Pasadena man has been overlooked in the banquet arrangements whereby the President of the United States is to be chief guest of honor here next week. Senator Frank P. Flint having been assigned to deliver an address upon this prospectively notable occasion, certain of McLachlan's following resent the fact that the Seventh district congressman has no place upon the program. Meanwhile, George Fitch and not Bert Farmer is to superintend the taking of the census here next year. That issue, for a considerable time in doubt, now has been decided in favor of the Flint appointee, presumably. And

the popular and competent man who is to do the work is in a Los Angeles hospital, suffering from a complaint that he insists is serious, but which his friends, however, declare to be nothing worse than a surplussage of joy, due to his having landed in his new position, right side up with care.

Senator Flint Still Undecided

Within the next thirty days Senator Flint will be planning to return to the national capital, from which city he will announce, early in the new year, whether or not he will be a candidate for another term. The senator insists that he has not yet decided, and that if the choice were left to Mrs. Flint, he would not attempt to go back. I have been asked to set forth in detail the pay and allowances of a United States senator, and, while the figures have been given before in this column, I am not unmindful of the interest they provoke, so repeat the information. A member of the upper house of congress receives an annual salary of \$7,500, the amount having been increased about a year ago, from \$5,000. In addition, he is allowed mileage at the rate of 2 cents a mile in both directions, which, from Los Angeles to Washington, will aggregate about \$1,200 a year. He is conceded \$125 as contingent expenses, for postage and periodicals, and a secretary at \$1,800, I believe, in addition to a clerk of committee, in the event the senator is chairman of such a committee. When the dominant party is not of the senator's political belief, the committee clerkship is, of course, cut out. Besides this, the average senator manages to break into a junket or two at each session of congress, at which time expenses are conceded, and the government also permits members of both houses to frank their mail. So that while the yearly emolument of a California senator or member of the lower house is close to \$10,000 a year, that sum is not so far-reaching as it once was. In fact, the members of the senate from the Pacific coast states must have sufficient private means for the position to be at all inviting.

Farish Grows in Favor

It is certain that Oscar Farish has grown steadily in public favor since he first announced his candidacy for mayor. At first he was hardly taken seriously by the politicians, but now he is a strong factor in the fight, and with the almost certain elimination of Smith and Musket at the primary election, the able young business man will contend for supremacy against Alexander, who, doubtless, will survive the preliminary skirmish. Farish has kept himself clear of all entangling alliances, and he and his enthusiastic friends are conducting his campaign along cheerful, optimistic lines; there is no mud-slinging, no disparaging of other aspirants. Farish is in the prime of life, has admirable business qualifications, is honest and straightforward. He is a strong candidate and has an excellent chance to succeed in his aspirations.

Harry Holabird's Promotion

I wonder how long it is since my optimistic young friend, H. G. Holabird, entered the millionaire class? His name was mentioned recently in San Francisco dispatches as one of the promoters of a \$10,000,000 long distance Home Telephone corporation. I take it that Mr. Holabird was simply filling in the place mentioned, those behind the new company not caring to disclose all of their real active spirits just at this time. That he will be in the millionaire class one day I do not doubt.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



Although poets are "born, not made," yet many things go to the making of that burning, and George Rice Carpenter, in an appreciative study lately published, throws much light upon the life and antecedents of Walt Whitman, a poet first reviled, then lauded. He spoke a strange, poetic tongue, and there were few to understand him. Many denied his title to the name, even, while others granting him that refused to countenance his work.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths, and tell them; and the truth of truths is love. sang a poet, and spoke truth. And it is this quality of love in Walt Whitman that has preserved him, an increasingly notable figure in American letters.

He was born May 31, 1819, in the hamlet of West Hills (township of Huntington), on Long Island, where his ancestors had lived since the middle of the sixteenth century. Like Whittier, he sprang from an old, permanently settled country stock, scarcely to be differentiated from that of New England. Huntington was settled in 1653 by New England colonists, and its connections across the sound were more intimate with Connecticut than with New York. The Whitmans were of English stock, and independent in faith, and, like their neighbors, often in revolt against their rulers, who were alternately Dutch and English.

Joseph Whitman, in 1855-79, was successively constable, grand jurymen, surveyor, townsman, leather sealer. Of his son Joseph, complaint was brought in 1890 by Henry Whitney for "stealing his daughter's affections, contrary to her mother's mind, and using unlawful means to obtain his daughter's love." The testimony, however, shows him to have been "a good lad," but evidently his methods were eccentric, to say the least. One of this family removed to a farm in the hills and was the direct ancestor of Walt Whitman. The settlement was a quiet, peaceful, independent community, without aristocratic ideals, without intense ambition for either learning, godliness or wealth. A typical Anglo-Saxon community, where democratic virtues grew undisturbed.

Whitman's mother, says Dr. Bucke, the first biographer of the poet, was of "marked spiritual and intuitive nature, remarkably healthy and strong, had a kind, generous heart, good sense, and a cheerful and even temper." The boy passed his early years on the farm, and not until he was a man grown did he step out of the Long Island country life. He was a quiet, thoughtful, but active youth, showing genius in no point, but, as we can see now, capable of deep impressions, of which he did not until middle life attempt analysis. At the age of twelve he was engaged in a lawyer's office. His employer helped him with his writing and composition, and subscribed for him to a big circulating library. Here he read the "Arabian Nights," all of Scott's novels and his poetry. In 1833 he became a printer's apprentice in the office of the Long Island Patriot, a weekly paper, later a compositor on the Long Island Star.

He had a taste for literary composition and printed several "sentimental bits" in the Patriot and the Mirror, a fashionable paper in New York City. His love for reading, his taste for writing, his sound training as a compositor, and his native genius for friendship gave him a bent for teaching, and for two years he was a country pedagogue. Then he is heard of as a speaker on political questions with radical views. Like Whittier, he was an abolitionist, a teetotaler and opposed to capital punishment. Of his life or state of mind, from 1840 to 1850, little is recorded; two clearly marked characteristics became well defined—a fondness for solitude and a craving for companionship.

In his reminiscences, he says that he "used to go off, sometimes for weeks at a stretch, down in the country or to Long Island's seashores—there, in the presence of out-door influences, I went over thoroughly the Old and New Testaments, and absorbed Shakespeare, Ossian, the best translated versions

I could get of Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, the old German Nibelungen, the ancient Hindoo poems, and one or two other masterpieces. Dante's among them." Also he declaimed Homer and Shakespeare to the surf and seagulls by the hour. His other passion was for people. He knew the inmates of hospitals, prisons and poorhouses of the city. He saw the good in them and the bad, and what justified their lives. Also he knew lawyers, doctors, scholars and writers, but the people he liked best were the decent-born, middle-life farmers and mechanics. He rode with conductors and stage drivers by the hour, watched workmen at their trades, and was everywhere with the workers of the world.

His writing before 1850 was thin, amateurish, moralizing productions like others of his day. At thirty-one he was a somewhat indolent newspaper writer; at thirty-six he had written a series of extraordinary poems, original both in form and substance. Mr. Carpenter accounts for the change by Whitman's growing love of public speaking. It was only then that he found himself following a faint, new rhythm. "He drew his inspiration from another world, a world circumambient about his contemporaries, but one whose existence they ignored or were ignorant of." He knew little of the world of the minority—that of the stable folk of education and recognized position." His sympathies were with the vast world of artisans and laborers and here, to his thinking, Nature, worked out her mysterious plans. He is the poet of democracy. Progress in psychology and medicine places him as a mystic, and mystic experience is more common among men of letters, Mr. Carpenter says, than would be imagined. Lowell had ecstatic experiences, Symonds was subject to something of the same thing. Tennyson passed at times into a waking trance, all experiencing this knowledge of the Whole and the universality of love.

Of his later life more is recorded and generally known. There is a broader understanding of his aims and a less unfriendly attitude by the public at large toward his work. In concluding, Mr. Carpenter says Whitman is of "those who bring a message to their brothers, a truth mainly expressed in their lives, only incidentally through their writings. These are the great accepters and unifiers of life; they show new and noble ways of living. He is the first and the most notable of those who, in the nineteenth century, in Europe and in America, preached the vision of the world as love and comradeship." ("Walt Whitman." By G. R. Carpenter. The Macmillan Co.)

"Daphne in Fitzroy Street"

Whatever her merits or her demerits as a novelist may be, it is certain that E. Nesbit has a way of providing unexpected denouements that at least impart spice to the reading of her literary offspring. The latest child of her brain is christened "Daphne in Fitzroy Street," and is a much more readable and plausible tale than her previous novel. To be sure, it is a girlish, almost immature story to have come forth from the pen of an experienced novelist, but that is wherein its charm lies. To a man, it would be worthless froth, but what woman has not imagined herself in the romantic situations attained by Daphne, and what woman has not hungered for such a romance—subdued and with the frayed edges clipped off—but similar in its salient points. Her leading character is not so well drawn—it is like a portrait done in charcoal, which has become smeary by being laid away. The vital character is that of Henry, the artist, on which the novelist seems to have expended a loving care. Henry is a delightful, selfish scapegrace, good at heart, but with an outer coating of cynicism baked hard in the crucible of his spent passions and wild life. He is an appealing, wicked person, just the sort that women insist on loving—just the sort that always has a wistful-eyed novice burning incense at his shrine. One feels a delicious satisfaction when, after many days of sorrow and despair, the pretty Daphne at last persuades Henry to marry her—which he doesn't do till the very last page. The story is a little too daring to be meat for a sixteen-year-old girl, and yet it is certain that such girls will provide the market wherein it will find its popularity. ("Daphne in Fitzroy Street." By E. Nesbit. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Flute of the Gods"

BY MARAH ELLIS RYAN

A powerful, spirited romance of the American Indians of the desert, and their dramatic struggle with a band of Spanish Explorers, by an author whose books, notably "TOLD IN THE HILLS" and "FOR THE SOUL OF RAFAEL," have been remarkable successes.

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BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

Most of us have heard "Bingen on the Rhine" recited and, doubtless, a few of us have been guilty of declaiming the poem ourselves in our younger days. I was reminded of one such instance when I picked up a book of poems at the Old Book Shop this week, written by the Honorable Mrs. Norton, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, to give the author all her Christian names. It was published in New York in 1855, and what especially attracted me was a steel engraved frontispiece of the poet, revealing a strikingly beautiful woman in the prime of life—she was then forty-seven—her lovely chin resting on a dimpled hand, which partially caresses her cheek. The nostril is curved and exquisitely formed; the lips arched and full; a superbly-shaped neck surmounts a glorious bust; her dark, wavy hair is gathered at the back in a fluffy Psyche knot, a little curl, suggesting Fanny Kemble's—the two were great friends—trailing below the left ear. A fillet of gold encircles the upper part of her head, like that of a Grecian matron's. But by far the most attractive feature of this most attractive face and figure is her eye—a large, liquid orb, framed in long, dark lashes, and seemingly capable of looking unutterable things; it is surely the eye of a poet, soulful and of a melting tenderness! Just a glimpse of its mate is caught, as the picture is in profile, but the whole effect is stunning.

Caroline Norton, to omit the middle names, was a daughter of "Tom" Sheridan, and a granddaughter of that wit and playwright, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. When John Lothrop Motley, the celebrated author of "The Dutch Republic," was in London, in 1858, Lady Norton was in her fiftieth year, yet she did not look thirty, wrote Lothrop in a letter to his wife, telling of this meeting with the famous English beauty. He also dwelt on the grace, wit and genius of Mrs. Norton, describing her low, sweet voice and flattering manner, well calculated to twist men's heads off and hearts out. Tom Sheridan, the father, had inherited his mother's beauty, and, having married a very beautiful woman, their three daughters became renowned in English society and were known as the "three graces." The eldest, Helen Selina, married Henry Blackwood, who afterward became Lord Dufferin; Caroline's husband was the brother of Lord Grantley, and a police magistrate of London; the third sister, Georgina, became the Duchess of Somerset, and at a famous tournament was crowned queen of beauty. Lady Caroline's husband was a spendthrift, who treated her most unkindly, and, in leaving him, she was amply justified. He tried to besmirch her reputation but failed miserably, as he deserved, in his action.

In her "Records of a Girlhood," Fanny Kemble describes an evening passed at the Nortons, whose small drawing room was crowded with distinguished public and literary men. She tells us that though Caroline was neither so perfectly lovely as the Duchess of Somerset, nor yet so perfectly charming as Lady Dufferin, she

produced a far more striking impression than either of them by the combination of the poetical genius with which she alone of the three was gifted, with the brilliant wit and power of repartee which they possessed in common with her. In her sixty-ninth year, still a beautiful woman, Mrs. Norton married Sir William Sterling Maxwell, a Scotch baronet, who long had been devoted to her, but she died very soon after the ceremony.

This book of poems, "The Dream," which I found in my browsings, is dedicated to the Duchess of Sutherland, whose faithful friendship, when slanderous tongue was assailing Mrs. Norton's fair name, is touchingly referred to. "The Dream" relates the story of a mother watching over a lovely daughter sleeping. The daughter awakes and tells how she had dreamed of the bliss of first love and an early marriage, and how happy it made her. The mother reminds her child of the many sorrows sure to be encountered, and counsels moderation of hope. There are many strong and passionate passages in the poem. For this work she was hailed as "the Byron of modern poetesses" by the Quarterly Review, and for a time she contested the palm of popularity with Elizabeth Barrett (Mrs. Browning).

Bound with "The Dream" and other shorter poems is "The Child of the Islands," a long poem, which is dedicated to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, brother of Mrs. Norton. "The child" was the Prince of Wales, and the story is intended to illustrate the difference of condition of one enjoying all the brightness of life contrasted with the shadow that lies beyond and around in which the lower classes suffer and endure. Mrs. Norton pleaded eloquently in behalf of the poor, the desolate and the outcast, and her verse repeatedly indicates her deep interest in the miserable and the forsaken. Perhaps it was this keen sense of sympathy with the downtrodden and unfortunate that gave to so much of her writings a melancholy trend. But while "The Dream" and "The Child of the Islands" are her two chief poems, not by these is she remembered today; it is her minor poems, such as "Bingen on the Rhine" and "The Arab's Farewell to His Horse," that survive after many years.

It has been contended that Lady Caroline was the original of George Meredith's heroine in his brilliant novel, "Diana of the Crossways," but the author several times entered a disclaimer. It will be recalled that one of the principal incidents in that story is the betrayal of a cabinet secret to a newspaper. This was a charge once made against Mrs. Norton, who, it was said, obtained a political secret from one of her admirers, a member of the Sir Robert Peel ministry, and disclosed it to the editor of the Times. This, eventually, was disproved; the Times, years after, explaining that it acquired its knowledge through a wholly different channel. Undoubtedly, Meredith had Lady Caroline in mind, however, when he drew Diana. Mrs. Norton died in 1877, beautiful to the last. S. T. C.



By Blanche Rogers Lott

It is certainly to be hoped that the splendid work which has been carried on in the public schools—that of providing excellent programs by local artists, who appear quietly without the glamor of fame surrounding their names—will be continued the present year. The series of six concerts which were given the children last year included the Orpheus Club of forty men's voices, the Krauss String Quartet, Mr. and Mrs. Thilo Becker, pianist and violinist, the Woman's Orchestra of fifty-five instruments, not to mention recitals by prominent resident vocalists, pianists and organists. With all due respect to foreign artists and the education they bring to us as professional musicians, what could be more far-reaching in its continuous influence on the growing artistic taste of the children than the type of music given by the above local talent, whose quiet work will have a more beneficial effect as a whole than the glamor and excitement caused by a famous artist of foreign name. Who could possibly be more conversant with the musical needs of the children in the selection of programs than the director of music, Miss Stone, who is in daily contact with them? And yet, it is with regret that we hear that this feature of the work is to be taken out from under her supervision. That other cities have been quick to recognize the effectiveness of the work done here last year is shown by numerous letters of inquiry as to our method of procedure. There is a sufficient number of musicians in Los Angeles to provide a new series of concerts, with an entire change of personnel for this coming season.

The faculty of the University of California has decided to allow students the same credit for their work in the newly organized orchestra under Paul Steindorff as for other college work.

At the annual election of the Dominant Club, Saturday of last week, these prominent women musicians were elected to office: President, Miss Mary L. O'Donoghue; vice-president, Mrs. Ada Marsh Chick; secretary, Miss Beresford Joy; financial secretary, Mrs. Maria Thresher Webb; treasurer, Miss Clara Bosbyshell; social committee, Mrs. Edmund Shank; membership committee, Miss Jennie Winston, chairman, Miss Margaret Goetz, Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott; program committee, Mrs. W. H. Jamison, chairman, Mrs. Gertrude Parsons, Mrs. Bertha Vaughn.

The organists' association of Southern California met Monday night for the first time this season. The president of this organization is Ernest Douglass of St. Paul's Pro-cathedral. The meetings take the form of a dinner and discussion of subjects of interest. The following members were present: T. E. Wilde of St. Vincent's church, Edw. Heyes of the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, Morton F. Mason of the Pasadena Presbyterian church, A. J. Stamm of Hollywood, W. F. Skeeel of the First Congregational, Archibald Sessions of Christ's Episcopal, J. M. Spaulding of the Immanuel Presbyterian, Frank H. Colby of St. Vibiana's cathedral, Ray Hastings of the First M. E. church, H. L. Pierce of the Boyle Heights Presbyterian, P. S. Hallett of All Saints, Pasadena; Vernon Howell of St. Stephens, Hollywood; H. E. Weaver, Waldo F. Chase of St. John's Episcopal, and Rev. Charles Murphy of St. Athanasius church and Trinity chapel.

Leandro Campanari, who passed last year in Los Angeles, is to concertize in the eastern and middle states as solo violinist with the great French contralto of the Manhattan Opera Company, Madam Gerville-Reache. The tour will occupy the few weeks prior to the opera season.

Misses Blanche Ruby, soprano; Har-

riet Johnson, pianist, and Roland Paul, tenor, announce an operatic concert for Friday evening, October 15, at Ebell hall. Scenes from well-known operas, in costume and action, by the singers, and groups of piano solos by Mrs. Johnson, will constitute the program. Mr. Roland Paul is the soloist for the Independent Church of Christ, occupying the position formerly held by Mrs. Bishop, who is in the east under contract for vaudeville appearances.

Miss Helen Louise Davis of Columbus, Ohio, a mezzo-soprano, pupil of Dr. Carl Duft of New York City and Mme. Osborne-Hanna, the popular American soprano of the Leipsic opera, and Kreuss of Covent Garden, London, has arrived in Los Angeles and will devote herself to professional engagements on the coast.

Mr. Thilo Becker has in process of construction a large music studio, especially adapted to the needs of himself and Mrs. Becker.

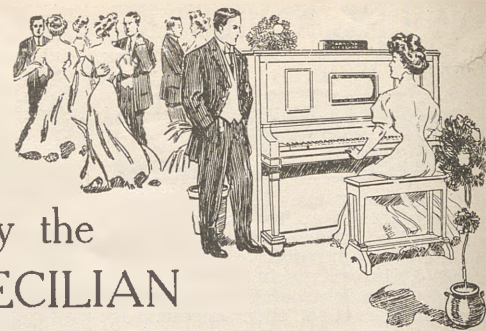
It is reported that an international committee has been formed to present to the pope a wonderful pipe organ for St. Peter's church, Rome, on his episcopal golden jubilee. The pope has given his permission to the plan and Cardinal Rampolla and other foreign cardinals, as well as Saint-Saens and the duke of Norfolk, have joined the committee.

In a lecture on the "History and Literature of Precocity in Children," delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in London, Dr. Leonard G. Guthrie gave interesting details regarding musicians. Of forty names collected by Sully, thirty-eight showed decided bent for music before they were twenty years of age. Palestrina and Tartini are the two exceptions, but accounts of their lives are legendary. Twenty-nine of the thirty-eight showed musical gifts as young children, the others at about twelve years. Rossini positively disliked music until he was seventeen, probably because he was forced to practice by his parents. Wagner showed no particular leanings toward music until he heard the operas of Weber and the symphonies of Beethoven. Mozart played minuets at four years of age, and was exhibited as a wonder child a year later. Early in his fifth year he composed concertos; at eleven an opera bouffe. Mendelssohn began music in his fourth year, and wrote piano pieces six years later. Schubert at eleven played the violin in church, and composed songs. Meyerbeer as a young child could play any air he heard. He performed in public at nine years of age. Hiller did the same at ten years. Spohr played the violin in public at twelve years, and Rubinstein the piano at ten. Mehl was an organist at ten. Liszt played in public at nine years. Schumann composed before he was seven years; Cherubini at nine years; Auber at eleven years; Weber at twelve years, and produced his first opera at fourteen years. David composed at thirteen years, Lotti and Rossini at sixteen years, and Purcell at seventeen years.

It is good news to American musical circles that De Koven is to make Trilby into an opera. In speaking of the work Mr. De Koven says: "As now planned, it will consume about the regular time of the modern opera—three hours and a quarter. It will contain four acts, probably. The tragic culmination of the work will be allowed its course, as such would present advantages to the composer. Mr. Hammerstein's wish for ensemble and chorus effects will be carried out. The work will by no means be of the order of music-dramas as typified by 'Pelleas et Melisande.' The opinion of Mr. Hammerstein and myself is that melody is the non-eclipseable power—and accordingly melody will characterize 'Trilby.' Mr. Hammerstein wanted it ready for production this year. One year's time, however, was all he would allow me. As regards the characters, Mary Garden, it is assumed, will take the title role. As for Svengali, this would fit ideally the talents of Maurice Renaud, whose histrionic as well as vocal ability would make the part one of the greatest on the stage. Another augmenting feature to the availability of 'Trilby' is its familiarity to the great mass of people—undoubtedly a force in its favor, as people are prone to enjoy and appreciate best what is comprehensible and

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known. The necessity of keeping one's nose in the score will be obviated to many."

Manager Behymer seems determined to create a musical atmosphere in Los Angeles, despite all rebuffs, and his program for the coming season includes many local geniuses. Of course, the Ellis, Orpheus and Lyric clubs will continue in their own special spheres, but Mr. Behymer has arranged for a number of other concerts. Prof. Arnold Krauss will be heard in three recitals; Harry Clifford Lott will devote certain evenings to the introduction of folk songs and special numbers; Miss Cavanaugh, the monologist, assisting him in an evening of songs and folk tales of Ireland. Mr. Jules Koopman, violinist, and Mr. Maurice Koopman, cellist, members of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, will be heard in concert early in the season. Mrs. Mary Le Grand Reed, a newcomer in the local music world, but one who is well known, will come before the public early in November. Georg Kruger, the pianist, will give a series of recitals, and Herr Ignaz Haroldi has arranged at least three events for the present year. Estelle Heartt Dreyfus has three programs well under way, and, in addition to these plans, the great music festival late in April or early in May is practically assured. There is also a probability of Miss Anna Miller Wood, of Boston, appearing in concert soon; Senor de Grassi, violinist, of San Francisco, early in January, and Miss Adele Case, contralto, of New York, in March.

Jenny Lind made \$154,000 on her American tour under the management of Barnum; but of this she invested \$100,000 for benevolent purposes in Sweden, says an exchange. For herself she kept only what was necessary for a living and for buying a cottage on the Malvern Hills, England. Her wants were few, and she would not have complained if reverses of fortune had compelled her to live literally in accordance with the recipe for true happiness contained in the following lines, written in one of her letters from Boston: "Few suspect how unutterably little the world and its splendor have been able to turn my mind giddy. Herings and potatoes—a clean wooden chair, and a wooden spoon to eat milk-soup with—that would make me skip like a child, for joy. And this—without the slightest trace of exaggeration."

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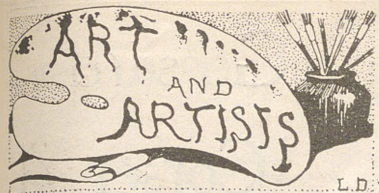
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Last Monday evening an exhibition opened at Blanchard Hall of paintings by artists living in Southern California. None of these canvases has ever been shown before. If there had been such a reward as a gold medal, it would assuredly have gone to Joseph Suib for his painting, "Boy With a Kettle." This canvas would be noticed by connoisseurs among any collection of modern paintings. It calls to mind Manet's "Boy With a Sword." For, although the handling is far different, there is the same sparkle of life and character, and the same close attention to values, which help to make that work Manet's chef d'oeuvre. The general tone of the picture is low, the purple shadows of the blue overalls of the boy merge into the dark, grayish green of the background. The flesh tones also are low and very suffused. The picture gains strangely on one as one watches it, and this is the true test of all really fine work. It is a quiet, restrained, dignified presentment of an interesting personality. The boy sits in a thoughtful attitude, with perhaps a shade of weariness on his face. In his hand he holds a kettle, which he has evidently been cleaning.

Suib seems to dedicate his power to the delineation of episodes and scenes with which he is familiar, instead of to themes with which he has little sympathy. The special appeal of his art, whether you select the modest little sketches that are shown or his portrait is in the inherent unity of effect. The whole scene is there scintillant, or bathed in fluid black, brown, gray or purple. The particular scene before you stands with magnetic finality. Over the entire canvas the eye wanders without encountering a single distracting note. There is no falsity of attitude, no forcing of tone. There is always present an individual wealth of sentiment, with no attempt at securing extraneous advantages. No references, literary or poetical, are needed in order to elucidate such art as Suib's. It is its own commentary and furnishes its own reason for being: Tact and intuition—how much to do and what to leave undone—seem to guide his hand. Scan this beautiful, instantaneous likeness of pensive youth. The lad not only dreams and muses, but he vibrates with life and motion. The artist has attained his result by summarized knowledge—strange in one so young. He is only 26. Mr. Suib shows, besides his portrait, three little color notes, "Early Morning Mist," "Lifting Fog" and "Boys Fishing"—all excellent.

Mr. Jean Mannheim, the well-known portrait painter, exhibits a charming study of a nude. The coloring is wonderful, and reminds one of the flesh tones of Paul Veronese, so warm and luscious are they. Mr. Mannheim has for many years studied and analyzed the methods used by the Venetian colorists to obtain their wonderful tones, and he has succeeded in his quest, as nearly as any modernist has ever been able to do. His picture, "Green and Gold," is a charming harmony of color, rapidly dashed off, as are all his landscapes. The great trouble in all of Mr. Mannheim's landscapes is the low tone in which he invariably paints. But a great many people like this, and as it is the individual expression of his idea of beauty, it cannot be called a fault. His portraits and figures many hold to be far superior to his landscapes.

Miss Carlotta Blaurock, at one time pupil of Whistler, shows a delightful little half-length of a Mexican cholo. The coloring is soft and warm, painted almost as Whistler would have painted it—very thinly. The girl's face is full of expression, and altogether the canvas holds one with its alluring charm.

Miss Nellie Gere's "Along the Ipswich River" is one of the cleverest things in

the room. Her values are extremely close and her tonal effects beautiful.

Mr. John Rich of Pasadena shows four portraits of which perhaps that of Mr. R. is the best, although his canvas of Mr. A., to be seen in the Steckel gallery, is a better example of his brush. His picture of a "Girl in the Red Kimono" is a charming color scheme.

Mr. J. Bond Francisco gives a wonderful exposition of the play of light breaking through clouds in his "The Coming Storm."

"The Road to the Valley," by Mr. Harrison Puthoff, is an extremely decorative canvas, painted in a very high key, which is well maintained throughout.

There are many other paintings of merit shown, space forbidding detailed mention. The exhibition, as a whole, is of a high standard. The water colors will be considered next week.

Great praise is due to Mr. Maxwell, curator of the gallery for the able way in which he has arranged the exhibit. The walls have been re-tinted with a subdued neutral gray, which is the only color possible for a combination of portraits and landscapes. He has evinced excellent judgment in the selection and hanging of the canvases. There is hardly a picture shown that has not a feature that will appeal to lovers of the beautiful. The opening night was well attended, and everyone seemed delightfully surprised and well pleased. Mr. Blanchard is to be congratulated on his able lieutenant.

Mr. Chapman Smith of Pasadena has received a few tapestries belonging to the collection of his father-in-law, the late Charles E. Ffoulke of Washington, D. C. The Ffoulke collection, the greater part of which is now on exhibition in New York, Paris and London, is the largest and finest in the world. The tapestries here consist of four Flemish panels originally taken to Peru by the Spaniards, and deposited in a church there, until shown at the Chicago World's Fair, where they were purchased by Mr. Ffoulke. Also a wonderful weavement of Odrin, the most famous of the Gobelin artists. This piece is about 10x14 feet. These works may be seen by those interested by applying to Mr. Chapman Smith, at the Van Nuys Hotel.

Local artists of late have shown a great interest in La Canada, one of the most paintable districts in Southern California and destined to hold a place here similar to that of Monterey in Northern California.

King Leopold of Belgium placed about 250 paintings from his private collection on exhibition in the Brussels museum last month. Artists of the nineteenth century are well represented, including Turner, Claude, Verne, Ingres, Millet and others of the Barbizon school, and certain family portraits by noted painters. It is said this collection will be offered for sale in the near future and that the Belgians are opposed to its dispersal.

The American section of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in the Metropolitan Museum is especially interesting to lovers of old furniture. The collection, under the arrangement of H. W. Kent, has been divided into three periods. The first shows the furniture used in this country from 1658 to 1820, including the household effects brought over by the colonists. The second gives a later time, when puritan simplicity is seen to be dying out and the chairs became more shapely, writing desks and clocks appeared and tables proved the increasing luxuries. The third period shows the "Queen Anne" influence. It was then Chippendale borrowed from the French and adapted their forms for the uses of Anglo-Saxons, and the delicate forms of Hepplewhite and Sheraton held sway. The exhibition of silver is most striking. It is largely the work of silversmiths of New York. A lovely pear-shaped silver bowl, ascribed to Paul Revere, the patriot, was loaned by Mrs. Richard S. Ely. A collection of communion plate, flagons, patens and cups belonging to Trinity church, was presented to the congregation by William and Mary of England. John Singleton Copley is well represented

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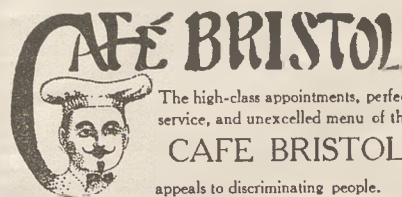
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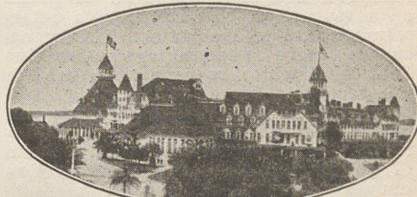
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among the painters by portraits of Mrs. Fort, John Erving, Sir William Pepperell, "Boy With Squirrel," and Mrs. John Hartley. Charles Wilson Peale is represented by a "George Washington," Thomas Sully by "Mrs. Middleton Smith" and "Mrs. James Fairlie," Benjamin West by a well-painted "John Fulton" and John Trumbull by a portrait of his wife, while John Fulton himself shows talent in two portraits of John Barlow.

Jules Pages' "Reconstruction of San Francisco" is now on exhibition in the northern city, having recently arrived from Paris, where it occupied a prominent position in the Paris Salon this year. The view is taken from below the present vaults of the Bank of California, looking up and over to the new Merchants' Exchange, just completed. The workmen in the excavation are busy with the pile driving machines and the scene is rich with color from the skeletons of the iron buildings, the piles of debris, bright with brick dust and the blasts of flame from the hoisting engines. The scene is alive and vital, with the motion and excitement of the hour. The spirit of San Francisco pervades the picture and strikes its own note, the familiar everyday scene caught and depicted on canvas for the future generations to see, rendering the painting one of the most striking of its day. The canvas is about twelve feet high by six feet broad and, according to the Call's art critic, is one of the best things from the brush of Jules Pages, which is in itself the highest compliment that can be paid him, when it is remembered that he is the only California painter who ever received a medal from the Paris salon.
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By Ruth Burke

Most brilliant among the week's society affairs was the large musical given Wednesday at the Woman's clubhouse by Mrs. Leonide Ducommun, Mrs. Henry J. Woollacott, Miss Ducommun and Miss Woollacott, the affair being in compliment to Mrs. Oscar Lawler, who, with Mr. Lawler, will leave soon for Washington, D. C., where they will make their home. Miss Myrtle Ouellet and Mr. Harry Girard rendered a special program of music as a feature of the afternoon's entertainment. The decorations for the occasion were particularly attractive. Pink and white cosmos were used in the reception room, and the big auditorium was banked with palms and potted plants. Upstairs, the dining room was arranged in a color scheme of yellow. A basket of large yellow chrysanthemums, tied with a fluffy satin bow, formed the centerpiece of the table, and at each end were yellow shaded candelabra, which cast a pretty glow over the board. Mrs. Woollacott's gown was a handsome one of white chiffon, made with bertha of point lace. Mrs. Ducommun wore a handsome black lace gown, and Mrs. Lawler was attired in a hand-painted white chiffon frock. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Meses. Albert Woollacott, Emil Ducommun, Simon Maier, Walter Eaton, Thomas Duque, Samuel Hellman, Edward L. Doheny, Charles Howland, Walter Brode, Gustave Heimann, Guasti Secundo, James O. Moore, Richard Perez, Theodore Friese, Josephine Butler, Herman Levi, Clare Brode and Misses Evangeline Walker, Mamie Maier, Hildreth Maier, Ethel Rebman, May Rebman and Ella Gardiner.

One of the prettiest of the week's society affairs was the informal afternoon party given Thursday by Miss Gladys Reynolds, 625 South Burlington avenue, in honor of Miss Austene George, whose marriage to Mr. John T. Cooper will take place in the immediate future. A feature of the affair was a handkerchief shower. Among the guests were Mrs. Leslie C. Brand, Mrs. David Bradley, Mrs. James McDonald, Mrs. A. B. Ebner, Miss Doris Davidson, Miss Florence Avery, Miss Ethel Canfield, Miss Inez Thomas, Miss Mary Lindley, Miss Jane McPeak, Miss Sallie Utley, Miss Mildred Thomas and Miss Mabel Smith. Wednesday, Miss George was the guest of honor at a luncheon of ten covers given by Miss Jane McPeak of 1119 Arapahoe street. The decorations were in pink and green, and the place cards were in the form of bells with hand-painted designs as ornaments.

One of the most interesting bits of news recently told is the betrothal of Miss Ethel Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fraser of Ocean Park, to Mr. Edward Prentiss, a wealthy young mining man of Denver. Announcement of the engagement was made at a prettily appointed luncheon given at the home of the bride's parents. The house was decorated throughout with bride roses and ferns. Miss Fraser was won by her fiancé by telegram, and her capitulation to the Morse code of wooing was conveyed to the guests by a novel table decoration. Two gold columns, representing telegraph poles, with gilded wires, were placed at either end of the table. At the top of each pole perched a dainty Cupid. In the center of the table, resting on a mirror was a gold basket of Shasta daisies. The board was covered with Cluny lace cloth over yellow satin and yellow shaded candelabra were used in the illumination. At each place was a telegram from "Cupid's telegraph office," announcing the betrothal. The ices were in the form of letters, addressed to Miss Fraser. In the corner was placed a real stamp. Covers at the luncheon were laid for Mrs. Wiley Ambrose, Miss Henrietta Mossbacher, Mrs. W. E. Oliver, Mrs. Earl Fraser, Mrs. G. M. Jones, Mrs. Willis Parris, Mrs. F. W. Braun, Mrs. Raymond Bradford, Miss Leola Allen, Mrs. E. W. Maxson, Mrs. A. B. Bar-

rett, Mrs. W. H. Anderson, Mrs. E. M. Donnell, Mrs. H. R. Hammond, Miss Jean Magee, Mrs. Orr, Mrs. A. R. Fraser and Miss Fraser. Miss Fraser is well known in Los Angeles and in Ocean Park, where she has lived for a number of years. She is a sister of Mrs. Richard Heimann of this city. In Ocean Park she is a member of the Shirt Waist Club, a social organization which since its formation several years ago has taken an active part in the beach society affairs. In honor of Miss Fraser, Miss Henrietta Mossbacher of Harvard boulevard, this city, entertained the members of the Shirt Waist Club recently with a morning card party and breakfast. The hostess was assisted by her mother, Mrs. J. R. Dennison, Mrs. A. R. Fraser and Mrs. David Evans. The appointments were carried out in lavender, and China asters formed a pretty centerpiece. Date for the wedding of Miss Fraser and Mr. Prentiss is announced for November 10.

Announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fischer of 945 South Bonnie Brae street of the approaching wedding of their daughter, Miss Pearl Wood Powers, to Mr. Carl von der Hagen. The ceremony will be celebrated Tuesday noon, October 12, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fischer, and Mr. and Mrs. von der Hagen, after January 1, will be at home to their friends at 550 Cahuenga boulevard.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule of 2738 West Eighth street are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a baby daughter, whom the stork brought Friday morning. The little miss has been named Winnifred.

Of particular interest to members of the exclusive society set is the formal announcement which Mr. and Mrs. Owen Humphreys Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street make in The Graphic today of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Gertrude Alberta Churchill, to Mr. Francis Pierpont Davis of Baltimore, Md. The wedding will be celebrated before the holidays.

Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, Jr., of Salt Lake City, formerly Miss Marion McGilvray of Pasadena and Los Angeles, is visiting with her mother, Mrs. W. D. McGilvray of Bellefontaine street, for a few weeks. This is Mrs. Salisbury's first visit here since her marriage in June, and she is being warmly welcomed by her many friends. Mr. Don McGilvray, brother of Mrs. Salisbury, also has returned to his home, having enjoyed a several weeks' hunting trip and a visit to Yellowstone Park and Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Denis, Mrs. E. D. Silent, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Deering of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Lombard, with two chauffeurs, formed a motoring party to Coronado last week.

Congratulations are being extended to Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Cotton upon the birth of a daughter, who arrived Friday morning. Mrs. Cotton was formerly Miss Victoria Carson, and is the daughter of Mrs. George Carson of the Carson ranch.

Mrs. William Francis Kennedy has returned from a six months' tour of Europe, and is at home to her friends at the Hershey Arms, Wilshire boulevard.

Mrs. Charles W. Hinchcliffe of South Grand avenue has issued invitations for a bridge luncheon to be given Wednesday. This is the first of a series of entertainments which Mrs. Hinchcliffe plans for the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Rowan, who for the last year or so have made their home in Los Angeles and Redondo, are contemplating a return to Pasadena, where they will probably occupy the house recently sold by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray of South Grand avenue. Last winter the Rowans made their home at Hotel Alexandria.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bonsall have moved from 1783 West Twenty-fifth street to 2206 Romeo street, where Mrs. Bonsall will receive the first Wednesday of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester C. Ashley of La Salle avenue are entertaining as their house guests, Mr. Ashley's brother, Mr. George H. Ashley, A.M., Ph.D., Mrs. Ashley and their children of Washington, D. C. Dr. Ashley is a member of the United States geodetic

survey, department of the east, and is a national coal expert. Dr. and Mrs. Ashley and family next week will be guests of Mrs. R. B. Ashley of South Pasadena. Dr. Ashley, who, with his wife, is a graduate of Stanford, received the first Ph. degree conferred by that university.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Howard Barnes and their charming daughter, Miss Madeleine Winthrop Barnes, have returned to Pasadena after having passed the summer months at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach. They will occupy apartments at Hotel Maryland for the winter, having sold their handsome place on St. John avenue last spring.

Miss Mabel Stuart, daughter of Mrs. Benjamin F. Church, is domiciled at Hotel Wilshire, Dr. and Mrs. Church and family have gone to Redlands to make their home.

Announcement is made by Mrs. William Squire of Sunset boulevard of the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary Squire, to Mr. Frank K. Gallo-way of Hollywood. No date has been set for the wedding.

Of recent interest was the marriage of Miss Maud Meredith Davis and Mr. Louis Bishop, a young capitalist of Oakland. The ceremony was solemnized in the northern city, Thursday of last week, and announcement of the nuptials is made here by the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Bicknell of 1170 West Thirty-fifth street. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, after a honeymoon at Lake Tahoe, will make their home in Oakland.

Misses Vivian and Lauris Bulla of Alhambra, daughters of former Senator Bulla, entertained recently with a dancing party in compliment to Miss Ethel Morin, daughter of Mrs. S. W. Morin, the artist. Miss Morin will leave tomorrow for a visit in San Francisco and Seattle. The young hostesses were assisted by Mrs. E. E. Welfare.

Among the delightful events planned for next week will be the card party which Mrs. John A. Walls, Mrs. N. P. Conrey and Mrs. W. S. Union will give Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Walls on West Twentieth street. The function is in the interest of the annual fair to be given by the Unitarian church next December, at the Alexandria, and each guest is expected to bring a handkerchief to be donated for the sale. Whist, bridge and five hundred will be played during the afternoon and other diversions will be arranged for the guests who do not care for cards.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fishburn of Harvard boulevard and Mr. and Mrs. Marble of Pasadena have been enjoying a delightful two months' fishing and hunting trip in Oregon. Mrs. Fishburn and Mrs. Marble expect to return to their homes here soon and are visiting in Seattle and San Francisco en route from the north. Mr. Fishburn and Mr. Marble will extend their hunting expedition until later in the fall.

In compliment to Miss May Ward, daughter of Colonel S. K. Ward of Fort Riley, Kan., who is visiting here, Mrs. Alonzo Potter and Miss Katherine Potter entertained recently with a reception and musical. Among the well-known artists who contributed to the program of the afternoon were Mrs. James W. Lander, Miss Kie Julie Christin, Miss Grace James, Miss Sadie Douglas, Miss Eleanor Clemmons and Miss Emma Williams. Miss Ward will leave in a few weeks for her home.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McVay and their daughters, Misses Laura, Helena, Silence and Francis, who sailed from San Francisco on the Manchuria, June 22, for a trip around the world were due to arrive in New York October 5 on North German Lloyd steamship, Kron Prinzessin Cecelia.

Hotel Maryland, one of the three largest of the fine Pasadena hostilities, was formally opened for the winter season Monday evening with a dinner dance, which was attended by more than two hundred prominent society folk of Pasadena and elsewhere. The dining room was attractively decorated for the occasion with quantities of flowers, potted plants and ferns, and dinner was served between 6:30 and 8:30 o'clock. Dancing continued from 9 o'clock until midnight. Among those

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who made special reservations of tables for the dinner were Mr. W. N. Van Nuys and party of eighteen, Mr. Harry A. Fitzgerald and party of twelve, Mr. A. E. Edwards, Mr. Victor Marsh, Judge Miller, Dr. Charles Lee Rider, Mr. W. P. Smith, Mr. M. D. Stambach, Mr. L. W. Jutton, Mr. R. D. Sorver, Mr. Marcus A. Hall, Mr. A. J. Bertonneau, Mayor Earley, Mr. Fred A. Emery, Judge Willett and Mr. Frank Hogan.

In compliment to Mrs. A. H. Rogers of Joplin, Mo., Mrs. Stanley Marion Knight gave an informal bridge luncheon Thursday afternoon at her home. Among the guests asked to meet Mrs. Rogers were Misses M. E. Johnson, T. W. Wright, Sophia Sutter, Frank Burleigh, A. T. Jergins, Sol Davis, G. Alexander Bobrick, Lillian Ayres of St. Louis, Fred Hooker Jones, Champ Vance, F. S. Langdon, Walter Eisenmayer, and Miss Esther Germain of Kansas City.

Miss Jessie Marshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Marshall of 1120 Grand View street, has chosen November 2 as the date for her marriage to Mr. Daniel Stanley Stetnam. The ceremony will be celebrated in the evening at the Woman's clubhouse, and the event will be one of much brilliancy.

Mr. Chauncey A. Hyatt of this city left Sunday for the east, where he will attend the Winworth Military Academy. A host of friends accompanied him to the depot for a farewell.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Clark, Jr., with their son and maid, have returned from a tour in the east and are at their winter home at Hotel Van Nuys.

Mrs. Frederick Wing Armstrong was hostess last Saturday at a daintily appointed tea given at the Alexandria in honor of Miss Billie Burke. A profusion of violets were used in the table decoration. Covers were laid for Miss Billie Burke, for Miss Burke's niece, Miss Waters, Miss May Armstrong, who has just returned from a visit in Denver, Mrs. Frances Josephine Holmes, Mr. Blin of San Francisco, Mr. Elbridge Rand and Mr. Wayland Trask.

Dr. and Mrs. Ross Moore have rented their home on Hoover street and are domiciled at the Mayfair in St. James Park for the winter months.

Mrs. R. P. Smith of Wilton place has returned from an extended visit in the east. Her daughters, Misses Eula and Reba Smith, who also passed the summer in Chicago, will not be home until the first of the year.

Miss Elizabeth Slaughter of 1288 West Thirty-fifth street has returned from an extended tour through England, Italy and France. Miss Slaughter traveled with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kysor, who have been abroad for about two years, and will remain a few months longer in Italy. While away Miss Slaughter gave a part of her time to her musical studies.

Members of the S. M. Club are hostesses this afternoon at a card matinee at the new home of Mrs. Walter J. Wren on West Seventh street, the entertainment being given in compliment to Miss Lucile Dixon, who is to be one of the November brides.

Mrs. John W. Kemp, who has been enjoying an extended trip to San Francisco, Portland and Seattle, is at home again.

Mrs. J. H. McCullough and her niece, Miss Olive Harpham, have returned from an eastern trip and are at home to their friends at 747 South Burlington avenue.

Mrs. Oscar Lawler, who will leave soon for Washington, D. C., received her friends informally yesterday afternoon at her home, 646 New Hampshire street. No cards were issued.

Mr. and Mrs. George Culp of 3035 Kingsley street were host and hostess Friday evening at a farewell card party given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis, who leave tomorrow for Colorado.

Among the Los Angeles folk who registered at Hotel del Coronado the week ending October 2 were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Reid, Mr. H. R. Miller, Mr. C. M. Laslev, Mr. E. P. Conway, Mr. Scott F. Sheldon, Mr. R. Scott, Mr. M. Van Horn, Mr. Charles A. Bradley, Mr. D. F. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. E.

T. Sherer, Mr. W. G. Hutchinson, Miss Besse Hamlin, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Seaton, and Mr. Leon J. Grosse. From Pasadena there registered Miss Margaret Carnes, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hazard Halsted, and Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shamel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter V. Pomeroy of Menlo avenue are at their home again after a six weeks' trip to San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Victoria, Vancouver and other places of interest in the north.

Miss Neva Rice of Hotel Lakeview was hostess Tuesday afternoon at a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. Rebecca Smith of Sioux City, Iowa, who is visiting here as the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. McIntosh of Boyle Heights. Covers were laid for about twenty.

Mr. Charles Sutter and his young son and daughter of St. Louis are guests of his sister, Mrs. Stanley Marion Knight of 1037 Elden avenue. They will leave soon for New York City, and Mrs. Knight will later join her husband in San Francisco.

Judge and Mrs. C. W. Long of Goldfield, Nev., have come to Los Angeles to make their home, and have purchased a house at 1024 Blaine street. Judge and Mrs. Long formerly resided in Kalamazoo, Mich., and for fifteen years before going to Goldfield they made their home in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Newby and family of Gramercy place, and Mrs. Newby's mother, Mrs. N. E. Putnam, returned recently from a short outing at Long Beach. Mr. Newby's brother, Mr. W. Guy Newby of Hartford, N. C., who has been visiting him since he came back from the beach, left Tuesday for his home.

Mrs. A. E. Wallace has been entertaining as a guest, her sister, Mrs. W. T. Lewis of Racine, Wis. Mrs. Lewis was formerly a resident of Los Angeles and was one of the best beloved presidents of the Ebell Club. She will leave soon for Arizona, where she will visit her daughter and later will return to Los Angeles for a longer visit.

Mrs. John Kohler Marsh of Omaha, Neb., who has been visiting here this summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Goldsborough, has returned to her home.

Mrs. William Hubbard and her son, Mr. Russell Hubbard, are back from Oregon, where they passed a part of the summer as the guests of Mrs. Hubbard's brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley and daughter, Miss Grace Rowley of Menlo avenue, have returned from a summer outing at Ocean Park. They are entertaining a cousin, Miss Evelyn Kennedy, of Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dexter Whitcomb and Miss Elizabeth Whitcomb of Glendora returned recently from an Alaskan trip and are guests for a short time at Hotel Alvarado.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Clark of 1340 West Twenty-ninth street to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Harriet Clark, to Mr. Albert C. Nagel, the ceremony to take place October 20. Miss Shirley Thomas will assist as maid of honor and Mr. Orland B. Burdick will be best man.

Mrs. Ada L. Ward of 2241 Cambridge street is back from a trip of four months through the east and Alaska.

Mr. J. C. Barrett and family have returned to their home, 2501 South Grand avenue, after a summer's outing at Santa Monica.

Captain Lucien Young, U.S.N., commander at Mare Island navy yard, and Mrs. Young have been guests at Hotel Virginia, Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell, who are in Europe, where the latter went recently to join Mr. Mitchell, are expected to return to their home here early in November.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Reinhard of Franklin avenue, East Hollywood, are back from a two months' outing at their summer home at Manhattan Beach.

Mrs. Ralph Hagan of Lake street had as her guests Thursday afternoon, the members of the Westlake Bridge Whist Club, including Meses M. W. Everhardy, William J. Variel, B. F. Blinn,



OSCAR E. FARISH.
Candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles

N. B.—The primary election on NOVEMBER 10, is the most important election ever held in Los Angeles. The TWO candidates receiving the highest number of votes on that DATE will be the TWO who are to be voted on for MAYOR at the final election on December 7, 1909.

VOTE FOR FARISH AT THE PRIMARIES NOVEMBER 10, 1909.

Mr. Farish is a successful business man, being a member of the firm Mines & Farish, leading real estate dealers. He has been actively identified with all progressive movements for the advancement of Los Angeles since his arrival here in 1895.

Member of city council in 1903-1904. President Los Angeles Realty Board in 1907-1909. Member of Committee of Fifteen for the consolidation of Wilmington, San Pedro and Los Angeles, 1909.

GREATER LOS ANGELES

Needs a Young and Energetic Man

FOR MAYOR

One who is Clean, Honest and Capable.

A VOTE FOR

OSCAR E. FARISH

Means a Vote for Such a Man

Subject to your approval:

ETHAN R. ALLEN

Independent Candidate for City Auditor

SEVENTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN ACCOUNTING

I Am Making This Campaign ALONE

W. B. Palmer, Edwin J. Brent, A. W. Reinert, Stanley McClung, Uaslas, Frank Jay, Mortensen, J. C. Brown, Sherer, George Rector, Frank A. Bowles and Frank Boswell.

Members of the Robert E. Lee chapter, U. D. C., will entertain at cards Thursday afternoon, October 14, in the assembly rooms on Flower street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmeltz of Hampton, Va., who are enjoying a tour of the west, were guests recently at the home of Mr. L. W. Albright on Benton boulevard. Mr. Schmeltz is a prominent banker and capitalist of southeastern Virginia.

Mrs. Hugh L. Jones of Westmoreland place was hostess Monday evening at a bridge whist party given in compliment to her cousin, Miss Mary Low of Honolulu, who is her house guest. Miss Low is visiting for a week in Redlands, but will return to Los Angeles.

Mrs. A. B. Armstrong of West Sixteenth street left this week for Fowler, Cal., where, with Mr. Armstrong and family, she will remain all winter. Later, Mrs. Armstrong will go north to San Francisco to visit her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Leggett, who were married here recently.

Announcement is made of the marriage, Monday evening, of Miss Jessie M. Houston, daughter of Mrs. M. M. Houston of Vermont avenue, to Mr. Harold Playter of Torres, Mexico. The ceremony took place in St. Mathias church in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Playter, after a trip to Santa Barbara, will return to this city before proceeding to their future home in Torres, Mexico.

Mr. G. W. Foulkes, who, with Mrs. Foulkes and sister-in-law, Miss Hayden, has been a guest of Mrs. John W. King for several weeks, left recently for his home in Texarkana. Mrs. Foulkes and Miss Hayden will leave October 20 for the south.

Mrs. Oliver C. Bryant has been called north on account of the illness of her brother, Mr. W. G. Parsons.



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All that saves "The Honeymoon Trail," which is the attraction at the Mason Opera House this week, from being utterly banal is the singing of Louis Kelso, who, as Tommie Perkins, advertising manager for "Barlow's Boston Beans," is the only member of the company having a voice and knowing how to use it. He does the best he can with his role, and in his baiting of Dennis Mason, head of a rival bean cannery, projects what harmless fun there is in the comedy, across the footlights. But his task is enough to discourage the bravest. One searches in vain for a witty line, a sparkling bon mot, an original idea, a really clever bit of repartee in the two long and dreary acts. For children still in the nursery, the doddering idiocy depicted might possibly amuse, but to dole it out to grown-ups as comedy—O, shades of Brinsley Sheridan—is surely an insult to one's intelligence, not to speak of one's intellectuals. Just from a long run at the La Salle Theater, Chicago, read the billboards. Good lord! how Chicago must be degenerating if it can tolerate such vacuities after the first night. Fun for the feeble-minded, doubtless, but for a normal person of average brains it is excessively dreary stuff. Bert Baker, whose name and character of Dennis Mason are printed in black-face type, portrays a cross between a lunatic and a clown, sans manners, sans taste, sans self-control, sans everything pertaining to sanity. Because he is the limit of endurance his name and part appear on the program in bolder type than the lesser doodlebugs, which is showing good judgment, certainly. The women are cheerful imbeciles, the chorus fairly pulchritudinous, but is as devoid of novelty as the production is of brains. Its serious attitudinizing and posing reflect the nearest approach to humor in the piece; the gyrations of the dancing "broilers" are almost funny, they are so witless, so unmeaning. This perpetration is by Hough and Adams. They should be led to the footlights, blindfolded and executed in sight of their victims. While meriting a lingering death—say two hours of torture—humanity suggests a quick taking off. As for the music, it is a reminiscent hodge-podge by Joseph E. Howard, who has done better, but could hardly do worse.

S. T. C.

"When We Were Twenty-One," Burbank

Nearly every stock aggregation that has graced the local boards has been seen in a production of "When We Were Twenty-One." The play has grown gray with age and yet there lingers about it a charm that never seems to diminish. The dramatist who makes us laugh is royally welcomed, but it is the dramatist who makes us weep who is not forgotten. And that is what Henry V. Esmond, with the assistance of able players, succeeds in doing in his pretty romance. The play is admirably handled by the Burbank stock company—in fact, it is one of the best pieces of work done by that organization. Morosco's organization is particularly strong in its men, and each and every one of them has good opportunity and makes the most of it. It would be hard to imagine a more delightful character than the Richard Carewe of Byron Beasley. Mr. Beasley is an artist, and his sympathetic interpretation of Richard Carewe is the gentle-hearted, whole-souled English gentleman to the letter. The "trinity boys" are excellently done by David Hartford, Harry Duffield and John Burton. But Harry Mestayer as the boyish and impulsive Imp is the shining light of the production. His work is excellent in detail, and his handling of the emotional scene in the last act has gained marvelously by his subdued demeanor and repression. Lillian Burkhart is delightful as the roguish Phyllis, and Margo Duffet is a brilliant Firefly, both in costume and in acting. A little thing, and yet one that serves to lessen the good effect of her portrayal is the blue cape she affects. Her wrap should be a glowing red, to match her name and gown. Louise Royce is a beautiful old house-

keeper, and Lovell Taylor in her brief appearances draws a cameo-like portrait. Minor parts are well taken, especially the bewitching Irish girl of Maude Hanaford. For the first time, William Yerance "falls down" in a delineation. His picture of David Hirsh is repulsive in make-up and entirely lacking in the subtlety that makes the part valuable. It were a pity that such an excellent performance should not be given a better setting. This is not a commonplace fault on the part of the Burbank, and it is a decided disappointment to witness inartistic scenery.

"Time, Place, Girl," at Majestic

As a musical comedy with a near-plot and really tuneful music, "The Time, the Place and the Girl," which scintillates at the Majestic Theater this week, ranks in a good class. There are two characters, Molly Kelly and Happy Jack, which overshadow their colleagues in a manner that relegates the entire company to a misty background, occasionally penetrated by such a song as J. S. Kinslow's "Blow the Smoke Away" or May Bouton's graceful dancing. Just why Jessie Huston, who essays the "girl" in an affected little voice and a hat that would make a milliner take the "Keeley cure," should have her name printed in big, black-face type is not apparent. That honor



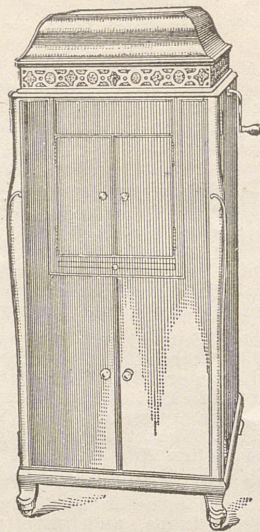
CORINNE AT AUDITORIUM

should go to Elizabeth Goodall, who shines bravely as Molly, the nurse. She is comely in a wholesome, unstaged fashion, and she has a way with her that is exceedingly attractive. Robert Pitkin has the only real part among the men, and he makes the slangy gambler a thing of joy. C. M. Giffin is far too self-conscious to make a success of his role, and should rid himself of the little smile which he never takes off. If the players could only forget that they are acting and singing for a living, and would do away with their mechanical appearance, the musical comedy might have a more meritorious presentation. The lively chorus is well trained and executes a number of pretty dances.

Entertaining Orpheum Bill

That clever quartet of singing and dancing messenger boys, who style themselves "The Arlington Four," are huge favorites at the Orpheum this week. The boys sing the popular songs in a popular and musical manner, and dance even better than they sing. From a physical standpoint, Signor Luciano Lucca, who possesses two voices, one a baritone and one a near-soprano, is a curiosity, but his vocalization cannot be said to be above the ordinary. Dick Gardner and Anna Revere do a little of everything and do it well. They sing, they dance, they joke, and they quiz Frankstein, the musical director, until his laughter almost displaces his toupee. Gardner's fund of humorous patter appears inexhaustible. A min-

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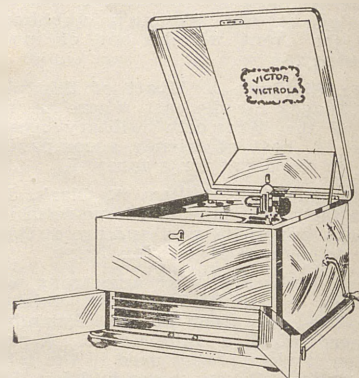
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523 BROADWAY

ature musical comedy is "The Country Club" sketch by George Spink. The scenery, depicting the interior of a country club, is the best thing in that line that the Orpheum has produced, and the chorus and three principals all do good work. The girls are beautifully gowned in creations that have not become travel worn, and the men are well groomed and well dressed. The singing is good, the specialties are mildly entertaining and the dancing steps unusually graceful and pretty. Holdovers are "Chesterfield," Cunningham & Marion, Hayes & Johnson, and the winsome Leila McIntyre, who still sings her cunning baby songs to John Hyams.

Offerings Next Week

"The Third Degree," Charles Klein's latest play, which Henry B. Harris will present at the Mason Opera House for the week of October 11, comes with a record of a seven months' run at the Hudson Theater, New York. The story, which is said to be a gripping one, tells of Howard Jeffries, a young Yale student, of excellent family, who is disowned for marrying a working girl. In want of funds, the boy calls on a college chum for aid, only to find his friend in a worse plight than himself. The friend takes his own life while Jeffries is in his room, and appearances are against the youngster. The police force him to make a false confession after many hours of torture, and he is deserted by all save his young wife, who finally clears his name. The cast includes Paul Everton, Fernanda Elisca, E. A. Eberle, Alfred Moore, T. L. Coleman, H. H. Forsman, Francis Bonn, Ralph Ramsay, A. H. Symmons and Margaret Drew. "A Gentleman of Mississippi," the comedy of Washington life, will follow "The Third Degree" at the Mason.

"A Society Pilot," a polite comedy from the joint pens of Oliver Morosco and Dr. C. William Bachman, will be the attraction at the Burbank Theater for the week beginning with a matinee Sunday afternoon, and including the usual Saturday matinee. This will be the first revival of the play since its original production on any stage at the Burbank in June last year. At that

time it packed the theater for three weeks, and could have continued longer, had Mr. Morosco not been obliged to keep play contracts. In the announced cast there are seven members, Harry Mestayer, John W. Burton, Henry Stockbridge, H. S. Duffield, Willis Marks, Louise Royce and Florence Oberle, who will repeat their original characterizations; while two others, Mr. Beasley and Margo Duffet, who were in the first cast, will appear also, but as different characters. This is Lillian Burkhart's farewell week at the Burbank, and in Eleanor Mason she will find a role well suited to her abilities. Mr. Beasley will, of course, play Ned Singleton, the pilot. In addition to those already named, the cast will include David M. Hartford, William Yerance, Wayland Trask, Frederick Gilbert, Lovell Alice Taylor, Marie Dunkle and Maud Hannaford.

Lewis S. Stone, of course, will be seen in his old role of Karl Heinrich, the young prince, in the Belasco Theater Company's revival of "Old Heidelberg," which opens Monday night. Thais Magrane will have the part of Katie; Frank E. Camp will be seen as Herr Lutz, and Charles Giblyn as Schoierman. Howard Scott will return to the Belasco stage after an absence of eight weeks, and will be seen in his old-time role of Kellerman, the waiter. In addition to the regular Belasco company will be a chorus of thirty-two singing students. Following "Old Heidelberg," the Belasco company will offer George Ade's successful comedy, "The County Chairman," with Lewis S. Stone in the leading role, and Howard Scott as Sassafra Livingston, the colored politician.

"Mlle. Mischief" is the next offering of the Shuberts at the Auditorium. The original production, with the popular comedienne, Corinne, and a cast of eighty-five, comes Monday night for a two weeks' engagement. "Mlle. Mischief" was imported by the Shuberts from Austria, which yielded "The Merry Widow," among other musical successes. Corinne is said to have the most suitable part that she has played for several seasons. She first saw the opera in Vienna long before the Shuberts thought of bringing it to Amer-

ica, and it was mainly through her recommendation that the piece was secured.

"A Knight for a Day," seen and enjoyed in Los Angeles last season, returns to the Majestic Sunday night for a week's stay, including the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The many catchy songs in this production—"Life is a See-saw," "Little Girl in Blue," "Whistle as You Walk Out," and others—are well remembered, and the American Beauty chorus has not been forgotten. Lavish electric and scenic effects, and costumes which are gorgeous if not generous, are promised.

"Circumstantial Evidence," which heads the Orpheum bill beginning Monday matinee, October 11, has been described as vaudeville's most unusual playlet. It was written by Harrison Armstrong for a Lambs' Club gambol in New York City, where it made such a profound impression that it was at once booked for the Orpheum circuit. It is a story of a jury room, with thirteen characters, and not a woman in it. It tells a story of a jury drawn to try a man for murder. The evidence, purely circumstantial, seems to fix the guilt of the accused, yet one of the twelve men stands out against conviction. The scene shows the men in the jury room, and is said to unfold a thrilling story. Al Wynn and Ed Lee also have a new kink called "The Billiken Freshman," which is a satire on the college "rah-rah" boy, without plot, but full of fun. Charles Montrell, the famous European juggler, returns for the first time in several years. Rosa Crouch and George Welch, who are termed "that lively" pair, have a variety of stunts, but are especially proud of their dancing. Remaining another week are "At the Country Club," the Arlington Four, Signor Lucca, and Gardner & Revere, with new motion pictures.

Asides

Ollie Morosco has taken unto himself a new job. Just at present, when he isn't managing his theaters, writing lyrics for the promised Morosco-Girard musical comedy, working on his new play, superintending the production of his "Society Pilot," or engaging new people for the Burbank company, Mr. Morosco is teaching the young idea how to act. Since his return from that deer hunt in the Tehachapi, this Admirable Crichton has suffered little from ennui. He hasn't had time. When he got back he found Sidle Lawrence, the bewhiskered press agent, on his vacation. Morosco did Lawrence's work, hired a new stage manager in the person of David Hartford, signed Richard Bennett for a summer season next year, played advance man for Kolb and Dill, sprang a good press-agent story about "The Girl From Rector's," and then, when he learned that Hobart Bosworth was too ill to re-assume his duties as director of the institute of dramatic arts, Ollie took it upon himself to steer the school to a successful opening. They who have been privileged to attend any of the classes he is directing declare his methods to be tremendously effective, and his reading of such lines as "Me lord, the carriage waits," and "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake," to be masterly in the extreme. Versatility seems to be prominent in the Morosco make-up. He has even acted on occasion, and doubtless would be able to "spell" "Lon" Beasley, should the necessity arise.

If an outsider were to watch Harry Andrews, the genial stage director of the Belasco, working with a number of black and yellow chessmen on a meaningless pad of paper, covered with mysterious hieroglyphics, doubtless he would be filled with amazement. But the harmonious stage pictures which the Belasco offers are the result of these same queer maneuvers. Mr. Andrews outlines on a sheet of paper the plan of each act, placing each "prop" exactly as the production demands. The minor characters are small and unobtrusive, the vital characters are tall and dominant chessmen. The feminine sex is represented by yellow emblems, the masculine by black. Each chessman is given an identity—the personality to be assumed in the play. Thus, not a character steps on his colleague's toes. Each exit and entrance, each of those seemingly natural movements which preclude stiffness in the portrayal of a character and break the dialogue, is planned out by Mr. Andrews in this fashion. It is an ex-

traordinary game of chess, but it explains the reason that even the supers at the Belasco move with a lack of awkwardness not usually a distinguishing characteristic of "extras."

No longer will the play patrons of the Grand Opera House behold Charlie Clark's grin and his curly head behind the bars of the box office. After three years and a half service with the Grand, Charlie has severed his connection there and next week hies himself out on the road with "The King of Tramps." This was the favorite offering of the season at the Grand, and its success was so great that an optimistic angel has decided it is a good thing. The angel, by the way, is not Walter Stone. Charlie Clark will be business manager of the venture, and Leo Wells, formerly treasurer of the Auditorium, will go ahead of the show and see that the opera houses in San Berdo, Watts, etc., are cleared of the autumn crop of hay before the show goes out. October 17, Ferris Hartman will bring his family to the Grand, which he has rented for the season. Lew Spalding, his brother-in-law, will have charge of the box office. Hartman will be the comedian, of course, and his wife, Josie Hart, his sister and brother-in-law, Muggins Davies and Walter de Leon, his sister-in-law, Flora Norris, and a



LILLIAN BURKHART AT BURBANK

few other relatives will form the remainder of the company. Their opening bill will be "The Yankee Consul."

Henry Berry promises Los Angeles fans a treat this winter, as Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics and an all-star National League team, led by Frank Bancroft, will come out to the coast. After the coast league season has ended, the Philadelphia team will open here November 3, playing five days, including a Sunday game. The following week the all-star Nationals will play a week's series with the Angels. The Vernon ball club is the proud possessor of a souvenir booklet, issued by Paul Felix Browning, in which the members of the team are pictured, and a brief history of the Reubens given.

Julian Johnson's play, "Invasion," which will be produced at the Burbank in a few weeks, seems to be a deflection from the usual line of dramatic effort. Mr. Johnson depicts warfare as it is carried on with noiseless guns, smokeless powder, wireless telegraphy and airships. The play requires elaborate scenery and strenuous effort—in fact, the strain of the production is wearing a little of the superfluous avoidupois off the Johnson form. Doubtless, after his second play is produced, the gentle Julian will have a sylph-like figure, and an airy grace.

Miss Thais Magrane will have a very critical auditor Sunday night, one who has come across the continent to see her act. This is the actress' mother, who, hearing of her daughter's success in "Du Barry," is making a flying trip in order to see her portrayal.

No longer may the Orpheum patrons scan the advertising curtain and discover where they may have their teeth extracted, where they can furnish their homes on the installment plan, where they can buy good whiskey, or have

Morosco's Burbank Theater

MATINEE TODAY. LAST TIME TONIGHT—"WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE." Week of October 10. Matinee Tomorrow. Matinee Saturday.

The big Burbank stock company with Miss Lillian Burkhart in

A Society Pilot

By Oliver Morosco and Dr. C. William Bachman. This is a "Made-in-Los Angeles" play. When first produced at the Burbank, last season, it ran three weeks to packed houses. The revival is for one week only—the last week of Miss Burkhart's engagement. The theater will be crowded at every performance, so you had better secure your seats early. Regular Burbank prices: 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees, 25c. Gallery, 10c.

Hamburger's Majestic Theater

MATINEE TODAY. Last Time Tonight—"THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL." All Next Week. Matinee Wednesday. Matinee Saturday.

The Whirly, Girly Musical Comedy

A KNIGHT FOR A DAY

EDWARD HUME

Ten English dancing madcaps. All American beauty chorus.

GRACE DE MAR

Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

Belasco Theater

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—the Belasco Theater Company with LEWIS S. STONE in

OLD HEIDELBERG

The play that everybody likes—the play that has been played for 14 weeks at the Belasco and is more popular now than ever. Seats for "Old Heidelberg" now on sale.

Mason Opera House

WEEK COMMENCING OCTOBER 11—MATINEE SATURDAY ONLY Direct from a 7 months' run at Hudson Theater, New York. HENRY B. HARRIS PRESENTS

THE THIRD DEGREE

By Charles Klein, author of "The Lion and the Mouse." Splendid New York Cast. Prices, 50c to \$1.50. Coming—"A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI."

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"THEATER BEAUTIFUL" L. E. BEHYMER, Manager. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY Sam S. and Lee Shubert (Inc.) present

Corinne in Mlle. MISCHIEF

A Viennese Operetta in three acts. Music by Ziehrer. American Adaptation by Sydney Rosenfeld. Cast of 85. Original N. Y. Casino Production. Prices—Nights, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

Orpheum Theater--VAUDEVILLE

COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, OCTOBER 11

"Circumstantial Evidence,"

By Harrison Armstrong.

Al Wynn and Ed Lee,

in "The Billiken Freshman."

Charles Montrell,

The Juggler.

The Arlington Four,

"The Singing and Dancing

Messenger Boys."

Nights—10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Today

Rosa Crouch and George Welch,

"The Lively Pair."

"At the Country Club,"

Miniature musical comedy.

Signor Luciano Lucca,

"The Man with Two Voices."

Gardner and Revere,

Comedy Entertainers.

Orpheum Motion Pictures

Matinees Daily—10c, 25c, 50c.

The Chutes --Lehigh Investment Co.--Admission 10 Cts

The Greatest Amusement Park in the World.

FREE RIDES On the Chutes, Miniature

Free Vaudeville every afternoon and evening. Railway and Merry-go-round.

FREE DANCING PAVILION

Dancing every evening and Sunday afternoons. Societies and Lodges

can make arrangements for exclusive use by giving one week's notice.

Don't fail to visit the Famous Heidelberg Cafe.

Baseball--Pacific Coast League

Nightinee Benefit Games, LOS ANGELES VS. SAN FRANCISCO Saturday, 8 p.m., Chutes.

Saturday, Oct. 9, 2:30, Chutes Park. Sun. A. M., 10:30, Vernon Park. Sun. P. M., 2:30, Chutes Park

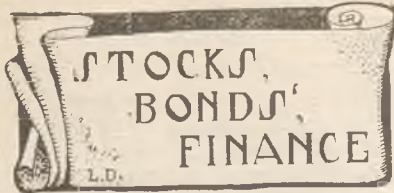
October 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, Los Angeles vs. Sacramento.

Sun. and Tues. at Vernon Ball Park.

Wed., Thurs., Frid., Sat., Sunday afternoon, Chutes. Kid day Sat.

Ladies Free every day except Saturdays and Sundays.

their clothes made. For the day of the gorgeous advertising curtain is a thing of the dim past at the Orpheum, and a splendid new creation from Chicago greets the vision now. It is a good departure, too, and one which should serve as an excellent example to—well—John Blackwood.



With prices firmer than they usually have been at this season in a number of years, and with the volume of transactions much larger than expected, the past week has developed a securities market that bodes well for the ensuing six months. The oil stocks known in this field, of course, lead the procession in the trading, and that bids fair to be the rule for a long time to come.

Central continues to maintain a firmness at the late high prices, which speaks well for the stock insofar as its future market course in concerned, while Associated, for the first time in nearly five years, has begun to show a front that may mean the stock finally is booked for its long-expected upward move. Amalgamated, which is an Associated side line, recently has fallen away in a manner that has left Exchange Alley wondering whether there is not something of a lemon in sight for this particular issue. Insiders profess to be convinced that Associated is to become a beneficiary of Amalgamated's misfortunes, with the one per cent a month disbursements to shareholders of the latter stock to be cut in half, the saving that is to be thus effected, to be applied to the payment of Associated indebtedness first, and, later, to Associated dividends. Whether or not there is any basis for either or for both of these stories that they have had their effect upon both issues there can be no doubt.

All of the Stewart oils are softer than they have been in more than six months, showing apparent manipulation in the several stocks. The Doheny oils, Mexican as well as American, continue strong, with no apparent weakness in sight.

In the cheaper oils, the two per cent dividend predicted for New Pennsylvania, to come through by October 1, failed to materialize, and at last accounts the cut in this particular good thing was stated to be due about November 1 or December 1, or at least not later than January 1 of next year. Olinda Land is marking time, with Continental having increased its dividend payment by one per cent. A similar showing has been due to stockholders of Globe for nearly a year, according to inside promises, but at last accounts there was nothing definite in sight.

Western Union, which once sold as high as \$550 a share, appears to be looking up. The stock recently has been going begging as low as \$75, and late sales have been on the basis of \$85. It is said that the company is in much better condition than it has been for a long time, with water pretty well out of all of its wells, and a gusher due almost daily. Its holdings are in the Santa Maria field.

In the industrial list, with a public utilities commission, along the lines proposed, the one best venture will be L. A. Home Telephone. The common should be acquired for speculation and the preferred as an investment. The outside Homes appear to have been suddenly struck with locomotor ataxia. One of these days U. S. Long Distance also will be well worth while. The stock always has paid five per cent on par, which is about eight per cent upon present prices, and its earnings continue to grow at a gratifying rate. When San Francisco Bay shall have been cut in for long distance service, in about three months, there will be a melon for those who were fortunate enough to have grasped an opportunity.

In the bond list conditions show no marked signs of improvement. The market appears to be dormant, although now is the time for all good bonds to be taken aboard for investment purposes.

Bank stocks continue popular and in demand, with prices harder than ever, although the best known for the time being are not shooting upward. The reason, apparently, is that they are already high enough. Central National still has room to grow, and a similar observation applies to Southern Trust Merchants National sold this week at

about \$540 a share off board, the highest figure known for such securities in this market.

German American Savings Bank is wanted at close to \$40, due to the proposed new financing under way by this institution. The reliable, cheaper mining stocks are in demand.

Money is easy and softer at 5½@6 per cent for all loans, as well as for time paper.

Banks and Banking

In its October circular, the National City Bank of Chicago says: The banks are now entering upon the most active quarter of the money market year, and extremely interesting developments are looked for in the American and European situation in the next four weeks. Recent events in home and foreign markets point that way. For the first time since the week of acute panic in 1907 the Imperial Bank of Germany has just raised its discount rate from 3½ per cent to 4 per cent; the New York banks, in order to preserve a surplus, have shifted upward of \$40,000,000 loans to interior institutions and foreign lenders; the crop movement is in full swing, and the usual process of withdrawing currency from eastern banks is in progress, with the result that money rates are already quotably higher at New York, with a hardening tendency; and foreign exchange, instead of ruling easy near the gold import level, has held firm, with active bidding by the great exchange interests for future deliveries. All these developments suggest high money rates, and we believe that the time is near at hand when the banks are going to receive much better returns from their invested capital. The outlook does not suggest real stringency, however, although it must be remembered that we are heavily in Europe's debt and that the government's finances are in such shape as to render necessary some financing before long.

It would appear that the Oklahoma law guaranteeing bank depositors has been found to work successfully in the instance of the Columbia Bank and Trust Company, which failed for more than \$3,000,000, according to a dispatch received from A. M. Young, the Oklahoma bank commissioner. Mr. Young telegraphs: "The Oklahoma banking law is a complete success, even against the persistent opposition of a strong element of the other class of bankers. We adjust the affairs of an embarrassed state bank with perfect ease in a very few days, and with no public clamor whatever. Everybody is in good humor and conditions are normal. Other state banks are quiet and gaining in deposits."

Bank clearings for the week ending Thursday place Los Angeles second in the list in percentage of gain. With \$12,899,382 for the week, the local clearings show an increase of 24 per cent. Stockton leads with \$664,305, a gain of 34 per cent. Sacramento is third with \$1,213,254, a gain of 22 per cent; Fresno follows with clearings of \$757,754, an increase of 16 per cent. San Francisco, with clearings of \$42,945,029, records a gain of 11 per cent. Oakland, with \$1,987,879, reports a gain of 8 per cent, and San Jose, with \$543,909, has an increase of 2 per cent. San Diego's clearings of \$979,340 mark a loss of 2 per cent. The clearings for the eight California cities totaled \$61,990,855, a gain of \$5,000,000 over last week.

Statements issued by the comptroller of currency, the first of the month, report the percentages of legal reserve to deposits at 21.67; percentage to deposits of cash on hand, redemption fund and due from reserve agents, at 26.05, as the average of the reports made to the comptroller by the 6,977 national banks under the call for their condition at the close of business September 1. The loans and discounts for the whole of the United States aggregates \$5,128,882,351. The lawful money reserve in bank reached \$854,091,857. There were \$658,040,356 of national bank notes outstanding, and the individual deposits totaled \$5,009,893,098.

Efforts toward the rehabilitation of the Citizens' Savings Bank of Long Beach is meeting with much success. Of the first assessment levied on the stockholders, only 206 of the 5,000 shares went delinquent, and these were bought in at a sale for 10 per cent. By this first assessment \$25,000 was added to the fund accumulating in the bank for the opening. The direc-

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tors have ordered the second assessment of 10 per cent, which will become delinquent in thirty days, at which time a third assessment of 5 per cent will be levied.

Preparations are being made for the establishment of another bank in Los Angeles, the new institution to be known as the Oil and Metals Bank. Eventually, the new bank will have as its home a prominent down-town corner, and will have a paid-in capital of \$200,000 or \$250,000. The money already has been subscribed, and it is stated that the bank will be opened for business within three months. The head of the new institution is Lloyd C. Haynes, president of the Manhattan Securities Company, which is a dividend-paying mining company. The nucleus of the new Oil and Metals Bank is the Union Exchange Bank, at Ninth and Main streets. The bank will be organized, financed and officered by mining men. It will be conducted along conservative lines, and, although it will not confine itself to the oil and mining business, it funds will be loaned freely for the advancement of mining business on good collateral, and the oil and mining industries will be given precedence in the investments of the bank's resources.

That the German Imperial Bank holds \$80,000,000 less reserve than a year ago and the Russian Imperial Bank \$44,000,000 more, is now well known. It is still an interesting fact to observe that the five state banks of France, England, Italy, Austria and the Netherlands hold altogether \$165,000,000 more cash in their reserves than a year ago—each of them showing an increase—whereas their combined outstanding loans are \$27,000,000 less than in 1908.

Stock and Bond Briefs

As tending to demonstrate the recuperation of industrial enterprises from the depressed conditions of the last two and one-half years is the announcement by the directors of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company of a quarterly dividend of 1 1/2 per cent on the preferred stock of the company and a dividend of 3 1/2 per cent of the deferred cumulative dividends on the preferred stock. The dividend on the preferred stock is the first that has been paid since September, 1907. The preferred stock is entitled to 7 per cent per annum and 12 1/2 per cent back dividends had accumulated on the issue. From 1904 to 1907 the company paid dividends on this stock at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, but all disbursements of this character were, of course, discontinued when the company was forced into receivership in 1907.

E. H. Rollins & Sons and the Harris Trust and Savings Bank have purchased \$1,000,000 first and refunding mortgage 5 per cent bonds of the Los Angeles Gas and Electric Corporation, which serves Los Angeles, Pasadena and suburban points with gas and electricity. The bonds are now being offered to investors.

Voters at Beaumont have authorized an \$18,000 bond issue for a high school, and a \$2,500 expenditure for a new grammar school.

Holtville Union high school district has voted bonds in the sum of \$65,000 to be used for the erection of a high school building.

By a vote of 50 to 1, the Hollywood Union high school recently voted to expend \$100,000 for a polytechnic high school building.

Brief Personal Mention

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Taylor of 1443 Pleasant avenue have returned from a northern trip. They visited Alaska, Seattle, Shasta Springs, San Francisco and other points of interest and were away about ten weeks.

Mrs. E. I. McCormick, wife of the United States district attorney, accompanied by Mrs. C. Redmond, left Wednesday for San Francisco and San Jose for a month's visit.

Mrs. R. L. McCourt of 1304 Orange street has accompanied her mother, Mrs. F. V. Dewey, who has been her guest, to Hanford, Cal., and will visit with her there until in December.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry G. Marxmiller of 3017 Normandie avenue are passing a week at Alpine Tavern.

Magazines of the Month

Despotism of a medieval ruler in the twentieth century is described by H. G. Wright in his sketch of the life of Abdul Hamid II., which is given leading space in Putnam's for October. Isaac Taylor Headland writes an interesting sketch of "The Chinese Woman at Home." Dudley Allen Sargent contributes a treatise on "The Future of Physical Education." An entertaining sketch of the great "Doctor Johnson of Two Centuries Ago" is written by Charles W. Hodell. Day Allen Willey's "Men of the Alps" is a readable narrative of the hardy guides who have made mountain climbing possible to all. "The Amundsen Polar Expedition," by M. Alger, is of particular interest at this time. Short stories by Edward Salisbury Field and Katherine Holland Brown are featured in the number.

In the October Current Literature much space is given to a review of the polar controversy, the article being illustrated with reproductions of photographs and maps. "The Wright Brothers Against Curtiss" relates the strife for aerial achievements and honors which these famous aeronauts are making. Harriman, Pinchot, the Crown Prince of Abyssinia and General Bernardo Reyes of Nuevo Leon are the subjects of brief sketches. In the department of literature, William Winter is treated with regard to his literary idols and animosities. Charles Klein's successful drama, "The Third Degree," is the subject of the current dramatic review. Many other articles of special interest and reviews of world-wide topics complete the issue.

Of particular interest to Los Angelans is the October Harper's, since it contains a capital story by Gwendolen Overton of this city, entitled, "The Alternative," in Miss Overton's best analytical vein. Other fiction is by Alice Brown, Elsie Singmaster, James Branch Cabell, Henry James, Mae L. Silberrad and Rudyard Kipling, who completes "The House Surgeon," begun in the September issue. It is a brilliant galaxy. "Exploring the Glaciers of the Himalayas" is by Fanny Bullock Workman; "How Animals Find Their Way Home" is argued by Prof. John B. Watson, and another good feature article is by Archibald Henderson on "Old Edinburgh." It is a well balanced number.

"Peary, Cook and the Pole" is the leading topic of several articles in the American Review of Reviews for October. A character sketch of Robert E. Peary, the prime figure in a quarter-century of Arctic exploration, is included. Following is an interview with Dr. Frederick A. Cook, given W. T. Stead at Copenhagen on his return from the Polar regions, and the narrative concludes with a contribution, "The Winning of the Pole and its Meaning," by Cyrus C. Adams. "Harriman, the Absolute" is the subject of an interesting sketch of the late financier. "Taking Boston in the War Game" is an interview with Major General Leonard Wood, U.S.A., depicting the sham battles and campaigns in which soldiers are trained for real war. In "The Story of Leather and Its Uses" is given an account of the great industry. Other timely topics are featured in the number.

October's Pacific Monthly features an article "Getting a Piece of Land" in the West," compiled by the editor from notes of personal observation and from contributions by several persons of wide experience in both eastern and western conditions. "Uncle Sam as a Real Estate Agent" is by C. J. Blanchard. "The Visit of Japanese Financiers" is discussed by Kiyoshi K. Kawakami. F. A. Pattee contributes a paper on "The Eucalyptus Industry in California." Among the short stories are "The Death of Wilkins Micawber, Esq.," by John Fleming Wilson; "Pay Dirt," by Edith R. Merrieles; "A Dangerous Game" (part two), by Dr. Max Nordau, and "The Nun at the Tavern," by James Church Alvord.

Next week is the last of Miss Lillian Burkhart's—or Mrs. George Goldsmith's—special engagement at the Burbank Theater. After her withdrawal, Blanche Hall returns from a trip to Honolulu and resumes duty in the role of the volatile child wife in John Drew's success, "My Wife."

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